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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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PRESTER IOHN
CONTEMPLATES THE SETTING SUN

Behold that Orient pope of fabulous youth
One golden evening from a westward height
Facing an immemorial tragic truth:
The sinking splendor and the waning light!

The Tragic Mantle

A STIMULATING modern analysts of contemporary American criticism, who has impressed upon us the clarifying statement that change in the social structure must precede change in ideas, which, in turn must precede change in æsthetics, has had interesting things to say concerning the old aristocratic idea of Tragedy and its metamorphosis into our modern view. We refer, of course, to Mr. V. F. Calverton, editor of *The Modern Quarterly*, and to his book, "The Newer Spirit."

Until the death of feudalism, he tells us, the classicists believed firmly that "tragedy could be concerned only with noble characters." To this theory even Voltaire subscribed, before the bourgeois revolution in France. Italy and Germany were in concord with the French view of the matter. England carried the idea into the Restoration. Mr. Calverton also cites Shakespeare in his dramas "as fitting example of application of the feudal concept." It was inevitable, even with Shakespeare (according to Mr. Calvert's thesis, which we think sound: that growth and change of the social structure must always precede changed concept and form in the arts), that the dignity of tragedy should be allowed to invest only those of noble birth. The true art of any period cannot be anachronistic, and in that period the nobles ruled.

With the bourgeois ascendancy, the accolade of tragedy descended upon the middle class. Mr. Calverton notes Lillo's "The London Merchant," 1731, as the first example of this in England, Lessing's "Miss Sarah Simpson" later in Germany, Nivelle de la Chaussée and Diderot in France. The proletariat now inherited the satiric shafts and the belaboring bladder of buffoonery formerly aimed at the bourgeois. The bourgeois was elevated to a new dignity, invested with a moral grandeur.

Note, however, at this juncture the exact words of Mr. Calverton:

> In the first stages of capitalism the distinction between the bourgeois and the proletarian is not as wide and definite and not so difficult to bridge as in its later stages, when, through the increase and concentration of its mass, it steadily dispossesses and enlarges its lower element and fortifies and narrows its upper.

As capital concentrated, labor organization followed; the proletariat assumed the proportions of a definite class. The writer upon whom we are drawing then sees Walt Whitman as the artist who first raised the proletarian into a position of tragic importance in America. And, finally, "the proletarian protagonist" had come to stay. Instead of an "Œdipus" or an "Athalie," Mr. Calverton indicates, the world surveyed, following on the time of Whitman, certain dramas by, say, Hauptmann, Galsworthy, and O'Neill, in the early years of our own century. The tragedy of the "dispossessed" had become vital. Mr. Calverton is dealing, of course, with a general transition and tendency, to which, as to any tendency and change, there are individual exceptions. The force is apparent, however, of his general contention.

Today he finds tragic literature largely concerned with the proletarian. He cites Pierre Hamp in France, Joyce, and, in America, three works published within the last twenty years that seem to him indicative. They are Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome," Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," and Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," An even more immediate example, published since the publication of Mr. Calverton's volume, is undoubtedly Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," both the novel and its counterpart upon the stage. And anyone familiar even with recent translations of foreign literature could compile a list of striking examples of tragic treatment of the proletarian in the work of contemporary German, Russian, and Scandinavian novelists.

Which all goes to prove Mr. Calverton's main argument, that "literature is the product of sociology." He feels also that we have accepted the proletarian so quickly as material for tragic treatment that we fail to realize just how quickly we have done so, in how short a space we have conferred upon him the accolade originally reserved only for the aristocrat and later accorded the bourgeois. In many cases the artists themselves are ignorant of their response to what Mr. Calverton regards as an inevitable "social-reflex."

* * *

Later on in his book this writer takes up the case of Sherwood Anderson specifically. Incidentally, "Until the middle of the last century," he says, "the 'common man' was not believed to possess the 'soul' that such authors as Whitman, Norris, Anderson, Hamp, Dreiser, Pinski, Hardy and others have seen in him," and, of course, he stresses again the fact that social conditions, operating upon the minds of these writers, produced this change. Once more, in his section on "Proletarian Art," Mr. Calverton cites the poetry of Sandburg and Masters, to a lesser extent the novels of Willa Cather and Sinclair Lewis and the earlier Stephen Crane and David Graham Phillips. He finds that in the modern proletarian literature the source of main emotional appeal has shifted, and from his citations one may infer that he finds the finest flower of such literature most lush in America. Which is not to say that he forgets Zola, Hamsun or any of the great modern writers of the Continent, or such figures in England as Galsworthy, Lawrence, or Masefield. He concludes:

> In Whitman there remained but few of the vestiges of the earlier concept, and these too are passing with the intensification of the proletariat and the gradual refinement of proletarian art. In Germany and Russia the plunge into the new art has been preternaturally violent and rapid. At times this art has possessed a ferocity verging on madness. Toller, Hasenclever, Libedinsky—these are its stars.

(*Continued on page 912*)

The Modern Novel Pattern*

By MARY AUSTIN

NO one who reads much and authentically about the American Indian, as American rather than Indian, can escape realizing that much that has happened to him in the way of modulations of temperament and capacity flowing from the environment, is due to happen to us. If, indeed, it has not already happened. During the last quarter century we have seen our art take color and pattern from the American scene; the landscape line, the rhythm of labor and life-habit enforced by natural conditions. And now comes Paul Radin with an unselfconscious autobiography of Crashing Thunder, the Winnebago, to convince us that—whether by environmental influence or, in part, by the world recoil of social shock—we are reduced in our inmost selves to something more than aboriginal nakedness of soul; that we are in fact, reduced to aboriginality. For when the Winnebago has completed his revelation we discover in him the leading character of a score or so of current novels of the most praised authors.

The Winnebagos are the remnant of a forest people discovered in 1634 living about Green Bay in Wisconsin, and by successive removals now established in Reservation in southeastern Nebraska. They belong among the more primitive cultural groups of American tribes, which leaves them a matter of fifteen or twenty thousand years behind the levels from which modern fiction springs. This must be borne in mind to account for the sensation of shock with which a reader moderately acquainted with both levels experiences the conviction of fundamental identity between Crashing Thunder and a Dreiser or Sherwood Anderson hero. There is an alikeness here more profound and revealing than

*CRASHING THUNDER. The Autobiography of an American Indian. Edited by PAUL RADIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $2.50.

This Week

Prester John. By *William A. Dwiggins.*
Quatrain. By *William Rose Benét.*
"My Life and Times." Reviewed by *Alfred Stoddard.*
"The Philippines." Reviewed by *Norbert Lyons.*
"From Myth to Reason." Reviewed by *John H. Randall, Jr.*
"Guy de Maupassant." Reviewed by *Christian Gauss.*
"Miniatures of French History." Reviewed by *Bartlet Brebner.*
Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.
"Ninth Avenue." Reviewed by *Herbert Gorman.*
"Pharisees and Publicans." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*
A Thrush's Nest. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Main Currents in American Thought." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

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can be accounted for in platitudes about our common human nature. It is an alikeness of approach, of outlook, and limitation; the sort of limitation that has so offended the audiences not only of Dreiser and Anderson but of James Joyce and Eugene O'Neill.

To forestall a possible doubt as to the authenticity of Mr. Radin's presentation of Crashing Thunder, let me state that Paul Radin, though he has made distinguished research into the literary values of Amerindian story, has never given the slightest evidence of possessing the kind of invention which would have made it possible for him to fake so convincing a life story. Even had he wished to do so, his reputation as an ethnologist would have made it impossible. The original Crashing Thunder papers—which are now offered in less extensively annotated form—were published by the University of California in their Ethnological Series (Vol. vii No. 7). What we have here is an authentic revelation of a Stone Age mind in contact with the outer fringe of modern conditions.

* * *

To be stricken as the reviewer is, with the conviction that what we also have here is an equal revelation of much in our own expression that is profoundly puzzling to present day moralists, one should first read the straightaway story, omitting all the included myths and descriptions of ceremonial life, which are fortunately set forth in smaller type as if for that purpose. At a second reading these may be included by way of illumination, but for the purpose of revelation are unnecessary. Crashing Thunder is a bad Indian. Beginning with the desire to become a "holy man," a medicine maker, he passes through successive phases of being a drunkard, a pimp, a thief, and a murderer, and finally a convert to one of the quaint versions of Christianity which the Indians have made for themselves with the aid of the releasing power of peyote. At all times as bare as a new-born babe of our present day moralities, he nevertheless shows as a man of unusual capacity who, unacquainted with whiskey, under the exacting regimentation of a ig life and subject to tribal discipline, would btedly have become what he wished to be, a of note among the Winnebagos. As it is, ing Thunder does what he likes at the moment, because he likes it, precisely as though his path of life lay through a Dreiser novel or under the Moon of the Carribees, and his later perception that some of the things he did were inadvisable, is unaccompanied by the least touch of anything that could be called remorse. At no time does he judge or evaluate his own life any more than if Sherwood Anderson had written him. He is as unabashed in his sexual adventures as one of the creations of George Moore, and, toward middle age, as fumblingly anxious to disengage himself from their compulsions as the hero of any of Mr. Wells's novels. He has no more compunction in committing murder for the sake of "counting coup," than in betraying his accomplices later for the safety of his own skin, nor do his companions seem to hold it against him. In other words, Crashing Thunder lives at the level toward which much of our modern life seems to be tending; the level at which man as an entity and God as an environment are the only realities, and conduct comparatively unimportant.

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Neither the form of fiction nor the manner in which the individual life story is presented can ever vary much from the way in which life is lived and character developed in the selected period. If anything, the popular life-story patterns of a given period tend rather to be retrospective than contemporaneous, since the garment of social use which the race assumes from time to time, must be viewed somewhat in perspective, while the novelist with head a little to one side, with a mouthful of pins, gets the hang of it. One speaks here of stories which have organically grown out of life processes and been trimmed into form by social pressure; not of those which are meant to be slipped on temporarily in gratification of the dressing-up play impulse. Such novels as are substitutes for day-dreaming, must forever and firmly be kept apart from the patterns of reality in which the social perceptions and individual reactions to them, are as explicitly presented as they are, in that age, explicitly defined. That we have in the work of John Galsworthy come to the end of a literary cycle in which ch correspondence of perception and realization is successfully achieved, seems not to be denied. Such a novel cuccession as the "Forsyte Saga" could not have been assembled except in a period in which social behavior and individual life concept remain practically in contact, throughout. The comparative weakness of the later volumes of Mr. Galsworthy's Georgian work, is evidence of the widening split in the material rather than of progressive failue in the handling of it. As a whole the "Forsyte Saga" is the inevitable pattern of a stratified society in which all the points at which formal progression may be arrested are described as places to sit down: The Parliamentary Seat, the Supreme Court Bench, the Gubernatorial Chair, the Royal Throne, the Right Hand of God. Toward the end Mr. Galsworthy's skill has been defeated by finding his characters neither particularly desirous of sitting, nor comfortable in the seats at which they have arrived.

In the United States, having escaped arbitrary social stratification and rejected the sitting goal—for the satisfaction of the characteristic American hunger for material success, once put upon paper clearly shows itself as incapable of constituting pattern arrest for more than a moiety of the people—the serious novelist finds himself with two alternatives. He must choose the indeterminate life record, or submit to the necessity of reconstructing the old pattern with the interior struggle of instincts, inheritances, repressions, and a complex for villain within the hero's own soul, as these are mapped by the accepted psychology of his time. But somehow, accepted modern psychology has not yet been plotted so convincingly that it will bear up as the framework for an affective novel. And by affective in this connection, I mean affording the reactions most coveted by the modern reader. The Freudian plot such as Waldo Frank and Ben Hecht have tried to provide us, does not, any more than the day-dreaming substitute, furnish the sincere literary artist with the organic structural lines indispensable to the novel pattern. Thus in the last resort the modern novelist reverts to the more complex and subtle symmetries of organic evolution which seem to the average to be wholly unpatterned.

The refusal of the traditional story form by the superior novelists is conditioned by the refusal of the majority of Americans to live according to pattern. Careers have gone out. Nobody anywhere sits down until he is definitely relegated to the side lines, or to the electric chair. Accordingly, nobody knows when he sets out with a fictional character, where he is going, nor quite where he is when he arrives.

* * *

What startles, on reading the autobiography of Crashing Thunder is the realization that the modern lack of explicit goals at which the hero might arrive, leaves him very much where it finds the aboriginal, completely shorn of moral compulsions. At least of compulsions that are clearly recognized as moral. Morals, it appears, in relation to life patterns, are simply concurrently established restraints upon the pattern making impulse, and they are effective only to the extent that they are contemporaneous projections of behavior. When any particular projection of behavior alters, the moral which was formerly attached to it becomes of no more effect in fiction than a wire bustle or a bell topped hat in portraiture. Wherever then, in any accepted story pattern a moral and its traditional behavior part company, the pattern loses cogency; it fogs at the edges. Crashing Thunder having no morals, his life story is wholly unpatterned until its final phase, when the chief character becomes both a moralist and a philosopher.

But the arresting discovery that the Winnebago makes for himself, is the same that a novelist like Sherwood Anderson seems to have made on behalf of all his characters: that the man remains apart from, and to a great extent untouched by, his experience. In this case the aboriginal has the advantage of the modern, for Crashing Thunder maintains a separateness from his own habits of drink and lechery that makes it comparatively easy for him to reform his own reactions. None of Mr. Wells's hero-rakes ever attain quite so satisfying and salutary a resolution of their sexual difficulties. Not one of Mr. Anderson's amiable fumblers arrives at such settled clarity. Never do Mr. Dreiser's morons achieve such freedom, but tend to enclose themselves with Mr. Wells's amorous intellectuals in cocoons of pseudo-sociological dogma. It is, therefore, the capacity of the aboriginal to remain the semi-detached captain of his own identity throughout an abominable life-story that is the hopeful and engaging item of his story. If it is our American destiny to go all the way back to aboriginality in search of a point of departure from which a new life-pattern may be plotted, we get up from reading the story of the Winnebago rid of the fear that in such a regression the integrity of the human spirit may be threatened.

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In the suggested second reading of Mr. Radin's book, which will include all that the Winnebago was taught, one gets new light on the relation between a man's moral perceptions and the formal learning of his time. There seems, in fact, very little difference in actual values between the "Medicine" of a Winnebago and the slogans, causes, social panaceas, and other dope of the modern. Only at one point does the social environment differ in stress. Crashing Thunder neither feels nor intellectually perceives the economic situation to the degree that the modern realizes it. This would hardly be the case, however, if the Winnebago lived in normal tribal relations. His economic life is utterly confused by an item of Government annuity and the business of "chasing payments," but if ignoble, hardly more so than that of millions of other Americans. His failures of social imagination are probably less than they appear, since so much that passes for social consideration is, with us, a kind of compulsory mimicry. Crashing Thunder shows only a trifle less considerateness for the female companions of his amorous adventures than do the characters created by George Moore and James Joyce, and that possibly because the female herself is less demanding. And if Mr. Wells is occasionally more concerned with the extra-sexual interests of his created women, such concern is, one feels sure, rather in the nature of a sop that the author has thrown to his characters, lest, in his own character of social prophet they turn and rend him. For though Mr. Wells gives us detailed and informed delineations of the women an Englishman runs away with, or runs away from; he shows himself very little interested in women as a class outside their love adventures. No more does the Indian.

To the psychologist the means by which the Stone Age soul is brought to a realization of Earthmaker-God as the one immaterial reality, and a man's thought as the medium of his own identity are of arresting interest. That a Stone Age rake's progress should inevitably bring him to "conversion" and the consolations of mystical communion with God is intellectually diverting, but most interesting of all is the revelation of the capacity for such conversion, appearing as the result of never having completely rationalized his own previous soul-states. Crashing Thunder never having been committed to the objective reality of the ghosts that play so large a part in primitive mythology, nor intellectually convinced of the supernatural power of the Medicine Bundle, nor of sin, nor socialism, nor psycho-analysis, remains fluent for repatterning to a genuine mystical experience, once he has put himself in posture to receive it. What the present writer suspects is that this capacity for conversion is an *ascending* trait of man, almost as frequently encountered among aboriginals as among moderns, probably fluctuating from age to age, so that the curve of tribal rise and fall may be plotted upon it. Crashing Thunder's account of the connection between his conversion and peyote eating is provocative, particularly to a people face to face with the whole problem of intoxicants as a part of the mechanism of subjective perception. Presumably peyote is no more relevant to the reality of such perception than the quality of gas is to the reality of transportation. But Crashing Thunder's experience remains the least dispensable of modern instances of the manner in which truth subconsciously realized is presented to an intelligence not yet adequately equipped for rationalization.

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Altogether the Winnebago's autobiography is one which no novelist, no psychologist, no student of the mystical life can afford not to read. That the book is also a distinguished contribution to ethnological knowledge is of minor importance. Its value, its immense and pertinent value, to the general reader is as a key to a trend of modern literature which is at present in need of just such exposition.

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Reynard's Nemesis

MY LIFE AND TIMES. By NIMROD (CHARLES J. APPERLEY). Edited with additions by E. D. Cuming. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by ALFRED STODDART

IN order fully to appreciate the position of "Nimrod" (Charles J. Apperley) in English literature it is necessary to recall that in his time colleges and preparatory schools were not turning out embryo writers on every conceivable subject with the same prodigal abandon that they are today. Nimrod began to write for the *Sporting Magazine* in the early eighteen twenties. He died in 1843. The period was not a prolific one for literature of any kind. Sports of the field were in high favor in England and here was a man willing and able to write about sport in a manner acceptable to the most cultivated. Pierce Egan and his imitators had struck the popular fancy with their "Tom and Jerry" style of writing, but that was cockney stuff. It amused but did not satisfy the country gentleman. In Nimrod, however, they recognized one of their own order, that rare thing: a gentleman who could actually write. Even Grub Street was thrilled, and before long it supplied Nimrod with a stud of horses and paid the expense of its maintenance so that he could hold his own in that condition in life to which it had pleased God to call him.

The country squires and noblemen of England who had worried through Eton and Harrow, or Oxford and Cambridge, somehow could not fail to recognize good writing even though they were incapable of it themselves, perhaps a little contemptous of the achievement. Besides, there was the element of publicity—not so well understood, perhaps, in Nimrod's day but just as sweet to human vanity. A Master of the Hounds would maintain a pack and a stud of hunters which had cost him years and infinite pains, to say nothing of money, to breed and develop. They might be famous for sport in their own country but unknown to England generally. Along comes Nimrod on one of his "sporting tours" to pay that particular pack a visit. He writes an article or a series of articles about it for the *Sporting Magazine* and behold! all England is reading about it at the breakfast table. Not only that. Although it was probably not realized at the moment that pack and stud had been immortalized by Nimrod's description, it is embalmed in sporting literature for all time. For as long as the sport of fox hunting exists, so long will the writings of Nimrod be read by sportsmen.

Mr. E. D. Cuming, to whose industry and research we owe the preservation of several important volumes of sporting biography, is responsible for the publication of Nimrod's "Life and Times" in its present form. As Mr. Cuming expresses it, the partly written autobiography of Robert Smith Surtees, the great sporting novelist, was "discovered" by him, the autobiography of Squire Osbaldeston was "rescued," and now Nimrod's "Life and Times" has been "recovered." It is curious that a writer who was responsible for the "Life of John Mytton," in many respects one of the most interesting biographies ever written, should have made such a poor attempt at his autobiography. But the fact is that when Nimrod approached this task he was written out. Mr. Pitman, proprietor of the *Old Sporting Magazine* and Nimrod's first editor, who maintained for him a stud of hunters and paid him a handsome honorarium besides, was dead, and Nimrod had become involved in legal difficulties with his executors. Although his pen must have earned for him a considerable sum, for those days, Nimrod was always in financial hot water, and it became necessary for him to reside in France to avoid imprisonment for debt.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the editors of *Fraser's Magazine*, long since defunct, lost patience with the "extreme volubility" of Nimrod's pen and discontinued publication of the autobiography before the author had gotten fairly into his stride.

Still, there is much that is of general interest in Nimrod's "Life and Times." For the general reader it contains many illuminating sidelights on English country life in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, while to the sportsman, who already possesses the "Life of Mytton," the "Life of a Sportsman," "Nimrod on the Condition of Hunters," and the rest of Nimrod's books—those volumes which may safely be regarded as the foundation of any well selected sporting library, the "Life and Times" will be a logical and necessary acquisition.

Too much praise cannot be accorded Mr. Cuming for his skilful editorship of the autobiography and for the supplementary chapters which he has supplied in order to round out Nimrod's abruptly terminated story. The book is splendidly illustrated and contains several excellent color prints.

Misguided Altruism

THE PHILIPPINES: A TREASURE AND A PROBLEM. By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS

AS the author, a near relative of his late distinguished presidential namesake and an editorial writer on the staff of the New York *Times*, states in his preface, the purpose of this book is "to give a sketch of the important problems of the Philippines." Much of the material is based on first-hand observation and investigation during a trip to the Far East in the winter of 1925-26. The volume, however, is more than a mere narrative exposition of the multifarious difficulties that beset our Government and its representatives in the effort to maintain our political relationship with the Filipinos on a stable basis. The author constantly presents his personal opinions on the successive problems discussed and occasionally suggests solutions.

Considering the brevity of his direct Far Eastern contact, Mr. Roosevelt has proved himself to be a keen and shrewd observer, in the reportorial sense. Here and there his observations will probably be challenged by old residents, but on the whole they are very creditable to a man who has had no lengthy personal experience with the peoples and regions discussed and whose observations must of necessity have been more or less casual and superficial.

A portrait of Nimrod, published in a volume of steel engravings issued by the father of the reviewer of "My Life and Times," and unknown to E. D. Cuming, editor of that work.

Pointing out the lack of Filipino appreciation for benefits conferred upon them and the actual hatred manifested by some of the native politicians toward America and Americans, Mr. Roosevelt goes on to trace the causes of this psychological anomaly. He attributes it largely to our past policy of "misguided altruism," a policy of which an outstanding feature has been a desire to transform the Filipinos overnight, as it were, into good Americans by thrusting upon them American ideals and institutions without due regard for racial characteristics and physical environment.

The author goes quite extensively into the racial and sociological background of the Filipino peoples, and also makes a rather trenchant analysis of their mental and moral characteristics and capabilities. At times he appears somewhat hypercritical and over-deprecatory of the people as a whole, evincing an occasional propensity to judge the masses by the comparatively few professional politicians, whose shortcomings far outweigh their virtues. Also he has a tendency to indulge in epigrammatic, snap-judgment generalities without due regard for their implications. For example, I cannot conscientiously subscribe to his categorical dictum that "in the Philippines it may be said that justice is on the side of the powerful—the inherent principle of despotism." The Filipino higher courts at least, I venture to state, are quite up to our own standards of honesty, fairness, and legal ability. All humanity has an inherent instinct for abstract justice, and the Filipinos are no exception. If justice in the Philippines has come to the sorry pass implied by Mr. Roosevelt's pronouncement, we certainly have failed most miserably in our mission in the Islands. Fortunately Mr. Roosevelt's indictment is overdrawn. It may be true that in some instances humble Filipinos fail to take advantage of the established machinery of justice, through intimidation by *caciques* or Filipino bosses, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the constitutional rights of even the humblest Filipino are by law as adequately safeguarded and as effectively protected from arbitrary violation as are those of any citizen of any other country.

Throughout his book Mr. Roosevelt draws comparisons between the Dutch administration in Java and the American régime in the Philippines, mostly to the advantage of the former. In fact he seems to think, like Mr. William Howard Gardiner, the well-known Navy League publicist, that the Javan method of administering colonies might very weil serve as a model for us in the Philippines. This attitude on the author's part would appear to disregard the fundamental difference between the American and European colonial outlooks.

Doubtless, as Mr. Roosevelt convincingly shows, we have permitted our altruism to run away with our better judgment at times, and this has led us into muddy waters, blind alleys, and political *culs de sac*, but we have played fair spiritually with our Malay wards, and our reward has been an abiding love and devotion in their hearts toward our people, in spite of whatever ingratitude and lack of affection or good will individual Filipino politicians may display toward us. The foundations of our relationship with the Filipino masses are sound. Any American who has lived and worked among these people can testify to that.

"Misguided altruism" is a happy characterization of America's colonial effort in the Philippines, and early in his book, on page 30 to be exact, Mr. Roosevelt unerringly lays his finger on the true source of this misdirection, namely a Washington bureau having much to do with the administration of Philippine affairs. Here was an opportunity to get at the real nub of our contemporaneous Philippine difficulties, but the author does not rise to it. At the start of the very next paragraph he declares that "nothing is to be gained . . . at this time in trying to apportion blame." Why not? Would it not seem as though the correct apportionment of blame for past msitakes would be very useful in avoiding future errors, particularly if the influences that caused these mistakes were still operative? To be sure, as Mr. Roosevelt points out, we need more consistency, more definiteness, more backbone in the carrying out of our Philippine obligations, but surely the question of where and how to apply these remedies is an important consideration.

Mr. Roosevelt takes up at length the economic phases of the Philippine problem, but his reference to the important tariff question seems rather unduly perfunctory and brief. He lays what appears to the present writer undue stress upon Mr. Gardiner's thesis of the all-importance of the Philippines as a source of tropical products for the United States. I think it can be readily shown that Latin-America is for us a far more important source of such raw materials and that Mr. Gardiner's notions in this connection are considerably out of focus and perspective. Aside from this controversial point, Mr. Roosevelt, gives a very good analysis of the economic resources and potentialities of the Archipelago. His suggestion for more extended agricultural experimental work is a good one.

The delicate question of Japanese interest in the Philippines is handled with commendable diplomacy and inoffensiveness. Mr. Roosevelt's presentation of the international problems involved in the Philippine independence question is a piece of excellent expository writing in which his talents as an editorial writer shine forth conspicuously.

Mr. Roosevelt's book comes out at a time when national interest in the Philippine question promises to become greater than at any time in the past twenty years, due largely to the Thompson report and General Wood's impending return to this country. However one may differ with the opinions expressed in it, it presents a very readable and honest outline of the many problems involved in the Philippine question and at the same time gives a vivid picture of the country, its people, and its resources. Written in a popular, vigorous style free from pedantry and abstruse discursiveness, it should prove of interest and value to the intelligent reading public. Certainly no clearer and more succinctly informative volume on a complex national and international question has appeared for a long time.

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Faith in Science

FROM MYTH TO REASON: The Story of the March of Mind in the Interpretation of Nature. By WOODBRIDGE RILEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN H. RANDALL, JR.
Author of "The Making of the Modern Mind"

MR. RILEY is well known as the champion of reason against the numberless irrational religious faiths that abound in America. In the true eighteenth century spirit he believes the philosopher should not pursue his path apart, but should display obscurantism for what it is, no matter how socially respectable its adherents. He is proud to be cordially hated by his foes, from traditional Fundamentalists to unscientific Christian Scientists. With a fine sense of the philosopher's social responsibility, he has felt it his duty to take his place on the firing line for science. He has written a brief, clear, and popular story of the development of his own faith through the ages, the faith in science; he has tried to explain, for those who do not understand, the steady growth of "the well-settled conviction that the universe is a whole, a great aggregate under the reign of law."

The book is well suited to its polemic purposes. Its style is of the simplest, that even the Fundamentalist may read. There are many happy figures and analogies that clarify and never confuse the account. There are over a hundred illustrations and explanatory diagrams that really explain. The author makes no undue claim on the intelligence of his readers, for while he tries to give a combined history of science and speculative thought, he studiously avoids raising any of the difficult problems that philosophers have found in this scientific faith of his. Perhaps wisely, he contents himself with setting forth the claims of science, and relying for his effect upon the impressive fruits it has borne in the detailed understanding of nature. Keenly aware that it is evolution that is the point of attack, he disregards all the other events in the world of science in the past hundred years, and concentrates upon the ideas connected with the name of Darwin.

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And yet—one wonders how well satisfied Mr. Riley would be were he completely successful in his own terms. Suppose all our Fundamentalists were converted to belief in the evolutionary origin of man, as they have been to the Copernican theory. Would they be any nearer that faith in reason and science to which Mr. Riley is so passionately devoted? Would they be any better fitted to confront the next choice science will give them between comfortable traditional beliefs and startling new conclusions? Would they know how to understand and discriminate in psychology, or in modern physics, the two fields where the old struggle is even now being renewed? Alas, there is little ground for identifying belief in any particular scientific doctrine with faith in science. Perhaps Mr. Riley would be content could he get men to put their faith in scientists rather than religious leaders. That would indeed be a gain; but would it be enough? The faith in the scientific spirit is not the faith in scientists, and it is all too rare even among scientists themselves. Its real test comes, not when there are well proved theories to be accepted, but when men are advancing cautiously upon an unknown sea. How many of us who have grown up with evolution can really preserve a scientific attitude toward the facts of human society? There are stronger obstacles to be met than the obscurantism of priests, whom Mr. Riley tends to see as the chief villains in the story; if the Church alone stood between us and the steady progress towards scientific truth, our task would not be hard.

To further a genuine faith in science, Mr. Riley would have to do more than he has done. He would have to convey a more vivid sense of what the scientific spirit is, apart from any particular achievement, and why it recommends itself. He would have to explain why the faith in reason has at times obscured it; for surely Aristotle and Thomas, against whom he sees science revolting, were two of the greatest of rationalists. If he hoped to produce genuine conviction in the infidels, he would needs understand them and their motives a little better. He would not be able to dismiss so cavalierly all the doubts and questionings to which modern science has given rise by reason of its own presuppositions; for, confused and wandering as it has been, modern philosophy is not intelligible solely in terms of the Church's intimidation of Descartes.

Really to explain the emergence of the scientific spirit would be a magnificent task. It would naturally have to be carried on at a more profound level than Mr. Riley has chosen. Above all, it would have much to say about Plato and Aristotle that could not fall under the rubric, "The Age of Myth;" and it could scarcely see in mediæval thought only magic, astrology, alchemy, and unnatural history. Perhaps Mr. Riley can be persuaded to elucidate his own faith more adequately. But he evidently feels that, in a country where anti-evolution laws are a burning political issue, the time is not yet to attempt this task of philosophic enlightenment.

The Norman Master

GUY DE MAUPASSANT. A Biographical Study by ERNEST BOYD. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

AMERICANS and Englishmen interested in *bonnes lettres* will thank Ernest Boyd for having given us a sane and sober life of Maupassant. The volume contains as frontispiece the last portrait of the Norman master of the short story, taken in 1891. He was already on the verge of that mental and physical collapse which was to end two years later in Dr. Blanche's asylum at Passy. The squarish head, with the horizontal moustaches, the big-thewed frame are still there, but the cheeks, once full and ruddy, are drawn, and the heavy-lidded eyes, veiled and turned inward, are eloquent of defeat. Far more than ever for Byron, "his days of love are over" and nevermore on him "the freshness of the heart shall fall like dew." In his prime, this Don Juan of the naturalists had never sentimentalized over love nor indulged in such self pity, and his later attempts to do so at the close of his literary life, in "Notre Cœur," were unsuccessful and unconvincing. He had really seen life only in terms of physical adventure. But in this last portrait the aggressive hunter is now at bay, himself a hunted animal. Taine who had seen him at Aix, had already called him the *taureau triste*. He is baffled; the glance is one of inextricable puzzlement. He will fail a little later even at suicide and will die in a straight-jacket.

There is material here for an interesting biographical study. Mr. Boyd has taken advantage of it, has handled it deftly and with intelligence and has answered the question, Who was this man Maupassant? This we had a right to expect from a biographer. Although Mr. Boyd has focused his attention upon the man, he has by implication answered also two further questions of criticism; What was the character and effect of Maupassant's literary discipleship to Flaubert, and, what is the value of Maupassant's work in literary history? There is, of course, considerable biographical material available, most of it in the account of François, Maupassant's valet, in the work of Maynial, and in the mutilated correspondence. All this has been utilized and students will regret that in preparing this useful volume Mr. Boyd did not permit himself the luxury of footnotes and references to his sources.

As Mr. Boyd points out, the works of Maupassant represent a descending series. The quality as well as the quantity of his output declines as he advances in years and his neurasthenic symptoms increase. His tricks of style, especially his habit of using three nouns, three adjectives or three phrases to express one idea, become monotonously obvious. There was a lusty gusto about his early stories, a sense of complete mastery of the life and subjects which he chose to represent. In his later work, especially his novels, he seems to be torturing himself. When for him the primal lusts lose their savor, he tries to sugar life with a boudoir philosophy that is sweetish and sickening. At such confections, others like Marcel Prévost are his superiors. He began with erotic and ended with neurotic preoccupations.

Time is not dealing charitably with the three popular names in the French prose literature of the eighteen-eighties; Zola, Loti, and Maupassant. Of the three he was incomparably the greatest teller of tales; within a certain range, a superb master of the short story. Critics speak, and in a sense, quite properly, of the health of this early work. It is the health of a robust animalism. He can deal adequately with elemental instincts, lusts, and fears. The ghost story which he handled so well may be a recent literary form but the ghost fears with which it deals run back to primitive man. The "Maison Tellier" and "Boule de Suif" have for heroines women who practiced what is sometimes called the oldest profession. To me his masterpiece is perhaps "Le Fil," a tale of foiled avaricious thrift, which substantially might have taken place in the days of the cliff dwellers.

For all his gifts, vision, erotic imagination, and strong physical reactions, in civilized life properly so called, in the life of the spirit, the life of the intelligence, he is lost. For him it remains an impenetrable maze. In these upper registers he strikes false notes. This is the flute upon which he cannot play. Maupassant probably imagined that he was touching the limits of civilization when he painfully learned how to suffocate a toad by making it smoke a cigarette. To present a type as complicated as Proust's Baron de Charlus or as intelligent as France's M. Bergeret, was forever beyond him. His last novel, "Notre Cœur," in which he attempted something of the sort, Mr. Boyd correctly rates as a failure. His first novel, "Le Docteur Heraclius Gloss" with its ridiculous anachronisms, Maupassant himself rated as such. This is the reason he is slipping downward to a place still considerably above but somewhere near Dumas. His knowledge of history was defective, his general ideas almost nil. The strength and the weakness of his work lay in the fact that he saw life only as so much material for short stories and a short story of Maupassant's is frequently only a thrilling little excursion through darkened arches out into the startlingly obvious.

Much, including a doctor's thesis by Miss Riddell, has been written on the literary relationship of Flaubert to Maupassant. Nowhere has the subject been more sanely treated than in Mr. Boyd's volume. Flaubert had many ideas, particularly upon art. The difficulty was that they were sometimes contradictory. Maupassant had few and "rarely used his brains to manipulate ideas." "Everything," he wrote to Marie Bashkirtseff, "looks alike to me, men, women, events," and it is for this reason that his biographer is quite right in saying that at thirty-three his desires and intellectual equipment were those of a college boy. Out of Flaubert's ideas you can formulate an aesthetic, indeed several of them. Out of Maupassant's it is impossible. Flaubert had regarded Maupassant primarily as a poet and had tried to teach him to write *difficilement*. This was incompatible with the nature of the disciple. With his gift for seeing clearly, he easily mastered his subjects and wrote with facility. "Une Vie" appeared two years after Flaubert's death in 1883. It is the last work to show any considerable trace of the master's teaching. Maupassant was bound to go his own way in life and in art. Temperamentally as well as through his Flaubertian training, he will distrust all literary schools and ally himself with none. He will however allow facility and his mannerisms to dominate his style which, at its best, is remarkable for precision of outline and economy of effect. He will retain his admiration for his master but will forget his teachings.

Maupassant's talent was intimately associated with his temperament and physique. In Mr. Boyd's competent narrative as in another short story we can note the parallel disintegration of talent and temperament to the final catastrophe. If much of the material was already at hand, Mr. Boyd's critical background and insight have given us an interpretation which is not only the best treatment in English but a most welcome addition and corrective to available studies on his subject.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Vignettes of History

MINIATURES OF FRENCH HISTORY. By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER
Columbia University

IT would be most interesting to know how Mr. Belloc will be remembered. He has been a prolific writer and his fancy has ranged from nursery rhymes to polemics. He has written some of the best of modern essays and some of the worst, and periodically he has paused in his journalism to write history. To professional historians these last efforts have usually been highly aggravating, for Mr. Belloc writes his history to support a thesis and does so with brilliance, but with an unfortunate contempt for much in the way of qualification or (and far worse) for support of his thesis by documentary authority. On the whole then, except for such a remarkable little piece of work as his "French Revolution," he will have given serious students of history little more than interesting suggestions and venomous prods. He has, however, captured the children with his fantastic moral and zoölogical rhymes and they will keep his memory green joyfully when future pundits will fail to do his historiography reverence. Perhaps, too, an occasional connoisseur of the English essay will give a corner of his shelves to the small volumes like "Hills and the Sea" which contain essays which in turn comprehend, on occasion, the joys of a vagrant observer over the paths and waters and the cities and towns of Europe.

"Miniatures of French History" will hardly become a classic, but it will win favor because in it the author does not claim supreme authority or greatly venture into the historical lists. The professionals will read it pleasurably, because it does not invite battle and because they can appreciate its pictorial quality, and savor, as the every-day reader will not, its allusiveness. They will detect the militant Roman Catholic and the apologist of monarchy, but they will welcome the artistry which makes men long dead live again. Others, I suspect, who have vague or partial or distorted recollections of French history will enjoy these vignettes hugely. They are pictorial and they do give a unity to the story of France. It is a unity which is founded on faith in the Gallic spirit, and which is rather more than condescending toward the Germanies and the rest of Europe.

The book tempts one to play with the word "catholic." Thirty-one sketches ought to give a catholic picture. They do give a Catholic one. Yet the catholicity is displayed only in selected aspects of the history of France and the Catholicity is softer and milder than its rampant predecessor in Mr. Belloc's earlier books. Best of all, it does not greatly matter. The book is eminently readable.

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This, therefore, is no place to quarrel with Mr. Belloc. He omits Charlemagne and pours contempt on the Carolingians. He summarily disposes of Mahomet as one who simplified and debased Christianity. The Rhineland is "that belt of true French soil." "The Gallic sword" is "the chief maker of Europe." Rome and the Gauls and the Roman Church live in his Europe and lead, the barbarian or heretic others exist if they do not follow. His heart even pumps a little Jacobite blood as he passes "that small, noble memorial in St. Peter's" to the unlearning and exiled Stuarts. Yet he does take his reader travelling, not only through time, but through space. One goes to Canterbury with Louis VII and Henry II, one battles through Syria with the Crusaders, one is buried under the Basque assault in the pass of Roncevalles, one sits at the feet of St. Louis and hears his wise counsel, and one feels the faith in France which carried "the soldier of '70" unwavering through the perplexities of the ensuing forty years.

This is no mean achievement and it grows from a pedestrian's knowledge of France and the Pyrenees wedded with a conviction that France is herself, not again, but still. There is art in the method of presentation. The very language and rhythm change from the chant of the epic to the aggressively prosaic diction of the modern novelist. The episodes are dramatic, but not over dramatized. The actors are marionettes into whom Gallia has breathed her spirit, and it is Mr. Belloc's victory that they behave like human beings.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

V. (*Continued*)

IF it seem to the gentle reader that the background is, so to speak, usurping the foreground in this history at this particular time, all I can say is that that very fact was quite characteristic of our War period. America went into the Great War, when she did go in, horse, foot, and dragoons, and no less was the journalistic and literary talent of the country impressed into her service. A number of writers, off their own bat, brought into being a society known as *The Vigilantes*, which served propaganda purposes among other things. Many gifted pens also wrote matter which they have later regarded with disillusionment, if not with embarrassment. The patriotic fever was at its height. Speakers for the Liberty Loans began to make the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue (one point of vantage) a forum of oratory in front of the Public Library. Men not in uniform began to be greatly worried by the vision of friends in uniform. Such matters as the fairly recent dismissal of Scott Nearing as Professor of Economics from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, and other suppressions of free utterance at the University of Utah, immediately went into the discard. In fact, the less said about free utterance now the better. We were plunged, as it were, into another era.

The question of the conscientious objector became a larger problem in the Great War than ever before. We had our own conscientious objectors. We also had our own Prussians. Then we began to hear about the Bolsheviki in Russia. Kerensky had given place to Lenin and Trotsky. Before that there had been the Battalion of Death, a battalion of fighting women. Among the really interesting books that came out of the War after the Armistice was Maria Botchkareva's "Yashka," her life as a peasant, officer, and exile in Russia. She had commanded the Battalion of Death.

Bagdad fell, Allenby entered Jerusalem, and the British spoke of Palestine as the Jewish Homeland. Mr. Wells explored "The Soul of a Bishop," though formerly uninterested in bishops. The War had excited Mr. Wells enormously and had developed his talents in several unexpected directions. Rodin had died in November, 1917, at the age of seventy-seven, an event of great significance in the world of art; but the world of art was disrupted.

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From the burning, as reflected in the sanguine glow of the periodicals of the time, we snatch one literary argument in America which was of a certain interest. In spite of armaments and the mustering of men, Mr. Rupert Hughes and a spokesman of Macmillan's exchanged views concerning whether the modern author wished a practical business-man as his publisher and whether or no the purely literary publisher was "going out." Mr. Hamlin Garland was heard to opine that his ideal publisher would be a mixture of the late James T. Fields, the late George W. Curtis, and the still extant Henry Holt. Macmillan believed, on the contrary, that the author now wished a wholly successful man-of-business for his or her publisher, and not a literary adviser. This excavated argument is important only because the whole tendency in publishing and in the American author's view of publishing since the War has certainly borne out the Macmillan contention. In the old days it was otherwise.

Came—not the Dawn—but Wilson's Fourteen Points. And an interesting question for one of the latest Question-and-Answer books would be—name them! They constituted what our President considered the "only possible program" for world peace at that moment. We might now, possibly, recall "open covenants openly arrived at," but it is doubtful whether the man in the street remembers such phrases as: the removal, as far as possible, of economic barriers; equality of trade conditions; guarantees for the reduction of armaments; and the guarantee of the political independence and territorial integrity of small as well as great states. It is a pity that we do *not* remember the Fourteen Points more clearly. We need to. There was also, as with England on a war basis, the discussion of national prohibtion in time of war. Booze was to get the knockout. It did, later. Not that it has remained effectual. Mr. McAdoo, as chairman of a number of things, and now Director-General of the Railroads, and "Barney" Baruch of the War Industries Board, sustained the limelight. And then there was the tremendous fuss about German music. Even Fritz Kreisler was objected to. He had fought for Austria in the early part of the War, as was quite natural. His violin mastery should have been another matter. The objection to Dr. Karl Muck threatened the extinction of the finest symphony orchestra in the world. But Dr. Muck finally began to conduct "The Star-Spangled Banner" in a fashion that drew grudging plaudits. Kreisler, without taking particular notice of the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, asked for his own release from contracts amounting to some $85,000. He would be glad to keep his engagements for all benefit performances, however. He did. In Denver, Alma Gluck was rebuked for singing songs in German. Henry T. Finck wrote admirably in *The New York Evening Post* concerning "The Silly War on Music."

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Of no importance was the fact that Alfred Kreymborg's "Plays for Poem-Mimes" were attractively presented in Pittsburgh. But free verse had advanced to the stage. The "Trivia" of an Anglicized American, Logan Pearsall Smith, was a small book of philosophical nuggets welcomed by the judicious. Henri Barbusse followed his "Le Feu," the war book that caused so much discussion, with "L'Enfer," an earlier work published later. Francis Ledwidge, the Irish peasant poet who had been discovered by Lord Dunsany in 1912, and had published "Songs of the Fields" in 1915, had gone to the Front; and that was the end of him. William Marion Reedy in St. Louis and Wells in England both arrived at the same conclusion, that there was a privileged class in Great Britain as well as in Germany which could not forget its vested interests in imperialism, navalism, and the exploitation of backward peoples, to discuss peace openly. Wilson was trying to discuss it openly. But his overtures to Austria were regarded as "more adroit than justifiable." Charles of Austria, meanwhile, came in for some heavy caricaturing.

The loss of some of our troops on the transport *Tuscania* was about our first casualty. German "Frightfulness" was a byword. France was occupied with Caillaux's treason in trying to start a pacifist movement. Their Jacques Copeau, in his Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, interestingly produced Dostoievsky's "The Brothers Karamazov" in New York. The Illinois legislature heavily rebuked La Follette. He was deep in the bad graces of everyone except a few who claimed that he was merely trying to preserve his common-sense and balance in a time of frenzy. The Third Liberty Loan exclaimed, "Halt the Hun," "Fight or Buy Bonds." Russia in the grip of the Soviets was merry meat for the cartoonists. Wilson, however (and it resulted in much criticism of him), believed, somehow, in Russia.

At this time the late Stuart P. Sherman issued his book "On Contemporary Literature" in which he examined the naturalist trend which claimed, he thought, that taboos were the only things that stood in the way of a realization of happiness for mankind. He did not agree. How far, he asked, should the *élan vital* be allowed to go? (It seemed, I say parenthetically, to be going in strange directions at the moment.) The impulse to refrain was not found in nature, but Professor Sherman thought that a literature "exalting the vindicated 'law for man' should follow the victory of the Allies." (It hasn't, noticeably.) He sought "that ideal pattern which lies in the instructed and disciplined heart." This drew encomia from *The Churchman*, because it furnished that publication an opportunity to refer to the "poisonous philosophy" of Wells, Moore, and Dreiser. Shorey, Brownell, Paul Elmer More, and Professor Babbitt were doubtless edified. Henry B. Fuller and Francis Hackett, however, took issue. The "old moral abstractions," argued Hackett, belonged to Germany as well. Germany was just as conservative, in fact, as Mr. Sherman. More so. Mr. Hackett found Mr. Sherman convinced that life "was not an experiment but an ingenious exami-

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nation paper set by God in conjunction with Matthew Arnold."

Professor Sherman lived, however, to disprove this implication. The development of his mind a few years after the War was one of our most interesting phenomena. His was an honorable career. Meanwhile his friend, Carl Van Doren, had been reminding us that if we were seeking roots for "the new psychic fiction as practiced by adherents and disciples of the psycho-analytic school" we really should give a thought to Charles Brockden Brown, our first professional novelist. The average citizen, however, preferred to spend his time inveighing against the teaching of the German language in our public schools. Many a worthy and innocent instructor of German found his occupation gone, amid revilings. It was rather a spectacle.

England had its Ramsay Macdonald — then well past fifty, whom we have recently enthusiastically welcomed forgetting that he was one of the most eloquent and clever pacifists abroad in England during the War. They couldn't incarcerate him because he felt that the War would destroy the present social system. The quicker that came about the better, therefore,—on with the destruction! He gave no aid or comfort to the enemy, but the enemy he saw was of far larger proportions than some realized. We, of course, had with us America's sweetheart, Gladys Smith of Toronto, who equipped her "Fighting 600" as Pickford's own. They went to the Front with a picture of "Our Mary" in a locket, each of them. Well, she was merely "doing her bit." But, speaking of Macdonald, we also had 'Gene Debs. He said exactly what he believed as often and as powerfully as he could say it, and suffered the penalty. Andreas Latzko, the Austrian, published his terrible "Men in War." Meanwhile Pershing's men went into the battle-front in Picardy in May.

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U Boats were sinking our coastwise shipping. Sinn Fein was raging in Ireland. Hearst was being reviled here, and Lenin was pictured as selling Russia to Germany. Joyce Kilmer was a non-com, later killed in action as a Sergeant in the fighting 69. Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols, and Robert Graves were the three poetic musketeers of the English. The name of Lytton Strachey now arose, as he came forward with an entirely new kind of biting biography, and started a new school. Strange, detached person! We had two million Americans on French soil and the Fourth Liberty Loan went over the top. Four topics engaged us, the busted Mittel-Europa daydream, Bolshevism, Wilson's League of Nations (that "indispensable instrumentality"), and the Pope's weird position in regard to the War. Ford Madox Ford (then Hueffer) at this juncture remarked in free verse, from bivouac with his Welch regiment in Flanders,

I should like to imagine
A moonlight in which there would be no machine-guns.

Undoubtedly he spoke from the heart, and for a host.

I am not, you perceive, dealing profoundly with the War. The end came in November, 1918, after four years and three months of it, and twenty-six million casualties. Count William Hohenzollern was on his way to Holland. The Social-Democratic revolution had come to pass in Munich. Most of Germany was in the hands of revolutionists. Fritz Ebert was the new Chancellor, a moderate Socialist.

We had principally been reading the red-blooded works of Arthur Guy Empey ("Over the Top," since June, 1917, had been selling at the rate of 250 copies an hour), Private Peat, and other combatants, and looking at Bruce Bairnsfather's drawings,—and studying military manuals. Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson had not been idle, with his "Carry On," and "The Glory of the Trenches." There were many other heroic figures. There was Gunner Depew, the American Sailor Boy; Captain Knyvett of the Anzacs; Shellproof Mack, "the soldier with the silver sky-piece;" the Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis, with his photographs, affidavits, and diaries covering "German Atrocities;" and so on. Lieutenant Edward Streeter of Camp Wadsworth, meanwhile, produced, in conjunction with his illustrator, "Bill" Breck, what may fairly be called our "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" of the War. It was "Dere Mable," that first book. James Norman Hall's "High Adventure" was real literature. Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" had revealed a new comic draughtsman of large calibre. Edith Wharton had written "The Marne," among other books depending on the War. Dorothy Can-

Cover Design of Streeter's book "Dere Mable"—a phenomenon of the Great War.

field had contributed "Home Fires in France." Properties like Eddie Rickenbacker's "Fighting the Flying Circus" were of course immediately snapped up or competitively bid for. Many varied pens now began to reap a golden harvest from war-experiences.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Behind the Scenes

COVERING WASHINGTON. By J. F. Essary. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $3.

MR. ESSARY'S journalistic training has taught him discretion as well as news values and he manages in his entertaining volume to reveal just enough of the inner history of Washington official life to whet the interest of the reader and not too much of it to pass the bounds of the obligation to silence which the code of his profession lays upon him. He has brought together within the covers of his book some of the incidents of newspaper history as they were known to Washington correspondents over a period of several administrations and through them he has incidentally presented a portrayal of the various factors that play their part in the shaping of the opinions of the nation.

It is a lively narrative that he has written, punctuated with anecdote and embellished with occasional pen portraits of the personalities whose policies and conversations are chronicled. A succession of Presidents from Cleveland to Coolidge as a correspondent saw them at their desks and in leisure hours in Washington; Presidents and people as they react to one another on a swing around the circle; diplomats and diplomacy—a Bernsdorff here setting out at the behest of his Emperor to win the liking of the American nation, a Bryce there opening his mind and his hopes to a newspaper man all unaware of his profession and quite without betrayal by the latter; Senators and Congressmen, with sharp vignettes of such picturesque figures as John Sharp Williams and "Uncle" Joe Cannon; passages at arms between Congress and the press and "scoops" scored by members of the latter over their fellows, the quips and cranks of that most noted of American newspaper clubs, the Gridiron Club,—all these enliven Mr. Essary's pages. There is information as well as entertainment packed into the book and much enlightenment to be derived from it as to the importance of the part played by the men who interpret the authorities in Washington to the nation at large through the medium of the newspapers.

The Tragic Mantle

(*Continued from page* 907)

We have borrowed thus heavily from Mr. Calverton's clarifying volume because his view of the inheritance of the tragic mantle seems to us to reveal the significance of a distinct tendency in our prose, poetry, and drama. There are other trends of the times. There are backwaters and whirlpools and eddies to the current. The modern tragic view, however, and what Mr. Calverton remarks as the new insistence upon "inevitability" appear in the main stream. They are strongly characteristic of much of the best modern American writing and will probably so continue until some other great change takes place in the social structure. Not the aristocrat now, not the comfortably well-to-do, but the common man is the tragic hero of the day.

Sui Generis

NINTH AVENUE. By Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

RETURNING TO EMOTION. By Maxwell Bodenheim. The same. 1927.

Reviewed by Herbert Gorman

MAXWELL BODENHEIM has now published six volumes of verse and four novels. "Ninth Avenue" and "Returning to Emotion" but deepen the lights and shadows of a self-drawn portrait that long ago was of the full-length variety. They are further evidence of a brightly malicious nature addicted to verbal acrobatics, the condensation of vagrant emotions into an intenser cerebralism, and a half-reluctant desire to meet the popular impulse. To consider Mr. Bodenheim at all is very much like considering a prickly pear; one never knows when he is going to get a thorn run through his finger. Still, like the prickly pear, once the combative surface is pierced an edible and tasty (albeit faintly acidulous) fruit is to be discovered. In other words, Mr. Bodenheim has his values, his poetical accomplishments (of no mean order, either), his impalpable connotations, and his savage satirical zest that is quite often salty enough to delight the victim. Together with his values he has his drawbacks. Now these drawbacks are mainly on the surface as the thorns of the prickly pear are. They are evidenced mainly in an undue suspiciousness of the world at large, in an instinctive gesture of defence that reveals itself in a consistent offensive, in a mordant satirical slant that is essentially congenital, in an emphatic disgust for the commonplaces and courtesies of polite living, and in a passion for cerebralism that sometimes goes to such lengths as to defeat its objective.

It is very probable that Mr. Bodenheim regards these attributes as virtues, and, perhaps from his point of view, they are—but only up to a certain point. Beyond that Mr. Bodenheim tumbles over himself and sprawls upon the ground. He pushes too hard. He loses his poise in the dynamic emphasis of his gesture. When he goes to the length (as he does in "Returning to Emotion") of noting beneath a poem: "This poem had the honor of being rejected by the *Dial*," he is stating something that has no place in a volume of serious verse. Besides that, he is merely reversing a quip which appeared in "Against This Age,"—"Dedicated to a rare moment of intelligence on the part of the *Dial*." The *Dial* may be Mr. Bodenheim's *bête noir*, but who cares? If he desires to attack that monthly he should do it in his office of critic and in a prose article. It is unnecessary to linger over the thorns that thrust from the surface of Mr. Bodenheim's restless mind, however. There are better things to be found beneath the surface and it is to these things that the impartial critic takes off his battered hat.

* * *

Mr. Bodenheim is, first of all, an original and valuable poet. He is much more the poet than he is the novelist, for it is in his novels, particularly the last two, "Replenishing Jessica" and "Ninth Avenue," that his half-reluctant desire to meet the popular impulse is to be discerned. "Ninth Avenue," his latest opus in prose, falls between two stools. It attempts to be deft and acrid and to catch the popular taste at the same time. The result is a book that glitters upon the surface occasionally but which is rather wooden in texture. The characters are moving automatons and the philosophical significance of the theme is nil. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Bodenheim was not designed by nature (nor his own actual inclinations, for that matter) to be a popular writer. He may achieve a certain popularity through dramatizing his own personality and through intellectually forcing his medium to a lower level, but the real Maxwell Bodenheim, the writer who has brought indubitable and admirable twists into the current body of American letters is the Maxwell Bodenheim of "Advice," "Introducing Irony," "Against This Age," and "Returning to Emotion." There speaks a voice that is quite unlike any other voice in contemporary letters.

"Returning to Emotion" is his latest book of verse and it shows no diminution of that peculiar power possessed by the poet. In an introduction to the book Mr. Bodenheim affirms that here he has "only written poems in which thought has been less confident in its questioning of feeling, and emotion often has been allowed to invade the colder processes of the mind." This may be so. It does not matter. Those readers who enjoy and understand Mr. Bodenheim's

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work have always been aware that the bright, sword-like, glancing lines of his poetry are flourished above a trampled field of emotion. There is, therefore, no particular development to be observed in "Returning to Emotion." It is but another slice from that individualistic mentality that sprang full-armed some years ago from the contemporary morass of poetry. Certain of the "Chinese Gifts" carry us back to the delicate and fantastic themes of "Advice," themes that are played as lightly and as deftly as quaint music on a jade flute. But the muscular, half-scornful, cynically pitying intelligence is still there. Mr. Bodenheim may be ignored by what he calls the "prearranged travesty" of American critics but he cannot be ignored by any student of the poetical divagations of our time. It may pain Mr. Bodenheim somewhat to discover that this commentator still is fond of his work and still places great faith in it. But there it is. It cannot be helped.

A Feminine Tartuffe

PHARISEES AND PUBLICANS. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by Grace Frank

SOMEWHERE between the highroads laid down by Dickens and Galsworthy there lies the little by-path leading into them at either end marked out by E. F. Benson. He swings a scythe where Dickens and Galsworthy use a mowing machine, and naturally he cuts a narrower and less ambitious swath than they. But he can cut down the wicked as bluntly and cruelly as the one and pass as condoningly clear of minor sinners (against conjugal conventions) as the other. In "Pharisees and Publicans," for example, the Pharisees, Edith and Priscilla—holier daughter than holy mother—belong to the days when satire was laid on with a trowel, when the bad were bad and the good, good. On the other hand, the publicans, Ronnie and Violet, belong to our own era of more delicate problems and more fluctuating moral standards. All of which is to say that we have in Mr. Benson's entertaining new story something of the flavor of a Victorian novel brought up to date.

It is in any case an eminently readable book and the portrait of the pious and odious Edith, a woman who, if she wants anything, always finds a beautiful, unselfish excuse for getting it, is on the whole not too exaggerated to be artistically convincing. Her many little stratagems for rendering the lives of her husband and son unendurable in the interest of the welfare of their souls, her insistence upon making it her duty to rob Ronnie of his sitting-room in order to establish in their home the private chapel which he does not want, her humble obstinacy in working upon an altar-cloth for that chapel in the face of Ronnie's categorical refusal to be ejected from his sitting-room, her amorous advances toward her spiritual adviser while she contemplates the possibility of marrying him after divorcing her husband, her charitable forgiveness of Ronnie when this little plan falls through—all these traits and many more subtle touches give us Edith with admirable humor and insight.

If she seems at times a bit grotesque and almost as unreal as that prim little prig, her daughter Priscilla, it must be confessed that some of her can certainly be identified in a great many persons. Still—it is difficult to see how the whole of her could be combined in one woman and escape being murdered—or thrown out of the house.

And that might well have been Ronnie's job. One cannot help feeling that even the restrained, easy-going, gentle-mannered Ronnie should at some point in his life have been goaded to better purpose than he was. Perhaps he and his mistress, Violet—married to a madman who unhappily recovers his sanity—are after all a bit Victorian, too. They have the courage of their convictions, to be sure, they "live in sin" for a time, but their convictions are in the last analysis too rigid and Jane Eyre-ish to permit them the happiness they desire.

The conclusion of the novel may perhaps fail to satisfy the youngest generation who will probably consider simple what Ronnie found complex, and complex what Violet thought so simple. But the middle and other generations will know it to be just, given the premises. And they will applaud the finished form of the story, the absence of the subconscious, dot and dash technique, the urbane handling of delicate situations, and, of course, the excellent characterization of a feminine Tartuffe.

The Bowling Green

A Thrush's Nest

(*Reprinted by Request*)

I'M going to begin by telling you about a thrush that lived on our lawn on Long Island. I call it a "lawn," but that is too smooth a word; a spread of grass constantly bickered over by ten children (four of our own and half a dozen neighbors) and a number of dogs, plumbers, ash men, masons, and carpenters, washed out by such rainspouts as we've had this summer and sliced into divots by croquet mallets, is likely to be a bit untidy. And so it is, though I try hard, and almost any fine evening towards katydid time you could see me out there picking up pebbles that Louise has thrown for the cat to chase, or bones that the dog has discarded, or hunting for the missing croquet hoop.

But the thrush didn't mind all this. She even seemed to admire the place, and last spring was so moist that there were plenty of worms. A worm means to a thrush much what a hot frankfurter means to a hungry child on a picnic—except that to her it looks like a hot dog five or six feet long.

At one side of our garden we had put up a deck-tennis court. Deck tennis is a kind of miniature tennis that they play on board ship, not with rackets and a ball but by throwing and catching a rubber quoit which is tossed across the net. The court is just like a tennis court, but smaller; and I had marked it out very carefully with narrow tape which was neatly held down by staples. But in one place this tape had been broken, so there was a loose end.

* * *

Now we come to the thrush. She was busy building a nest, and that loose white tag caught her eye. One afternoon, when I was thinking of nothing in particular—and that was unusual, for people with four children generally have plenty to be thinking about—I saw the thrush tugging fiercely at the loose end of tape. There was really something very comic about the violence of her efforts: she braced her feet and jerked as hard as possible, many times in quick succession. But it wouldn't come. She would pause, pant a little, and you could almost see her exclaiming to herself, "Well, for goodness sake!" Then she would try again. She did not know about the staples I had hammered so carefully into the ground.

We all admired her from a distance. She seemed so much in earnest about it that we determined not to disappoint her. I got a pair of scissors and cut off the loose end. Then we kept away, and sure enough in a minute she returned, seized the ribbon and flew off, without stopping to say thank you. And a few moments later there she was again, hauling at the rest of the tape as hard as ever.

I don't know whether it was generous of us, or merely silly, but to see how much tape she would use we sacrificed the whole court, and we haven't played deck tennis since. There must have been two hundred feet of tape altogether, but we cut it all off in strips, and she took every bit. It was a great afternoon for her. She flew busily to and fro (we hung them all on a wire that runs between two trees so she wouldn't even have to stoop to pick them up: she was quite a stout thrush, and perhaps not so flexible as she had been once) carrying the streamers to a large oak tree on the other side of the house. There she used them to build a nest that must have been a source of scandal to other birds. It was almost as big as a beehive, extremely disorderly, and far too pretentious. During the time she was raising her family I was abroad, so I don't know how her children got on. Probably they suffered from the disadvantages that usually afflict children whose parents get rich too quickly and greedily. And that nest was not a success. It was draughty, inconvenient, and insecure. Later in the summer, in one of our heavy gales, the whole untidy bundle blew away in ruin and wreck. It is a sad story and a true one; we'll come back to it in a few moments.

* * *

One of the difficulties of a writer's life is that people have a habit of imagining him to be much wiser than he really is. I don't know why that should be, for writers, even more than most others, are aware of their own absurdities and stupidness. But anyhow, if you are a writer—or an author, as they are sometimes called, though usually not till they are dead—people often ask you questions about How to Write, or What Books to Read, as if you really knew about such matters. These are questions very difficult to answer. Taste in reading, for instance, is as much a private and personal affair as the way you cut your hair, or the size of your shoes, or your favorite sort of toothpaste. If you have had the bad luck to read mostly trash, it is your misfortune more than anyone else's, and you need not imagine that any outsider is going to force you to read things that are beautiful. Most of us are busy, too busy to worry very long over other people's misfortunes. But I think it is worth while to remember the old story of the stingy farmer who fitted his cattle with green spectacles. Then he could feed them sawdust and excelsior, which they believed to be grass. There are many publishers who sell shoddy magazines and books that look, if you are wearing colored glasses over your mind, something like reading-matter. But really they are only excelsior—inflammable stuff, and not very digestible.

I made up my mind that in this little article I would not offer any advice. It would need someone much wiser than I to do that; also, most of us only accept advice when we don't suspect it as such. I don't even know that the advice of grown-up people (I don't yet think of myself as being really grown-up) is very helpful because so many of them have forgotten what it was like to be young. Many grown-up readers nowadays are busy reading what I call bouillon-cube books—Outline books supposed to give the truth about religion, or history, or science, or literature, in a few hundred sprightly pages. Just add hot water and serve is the idea of the bouillon-cube sort of book—read an Outline of Something and get an education. I don't mean that books of that sort aren't often enormously valuable and nourishing; but shreds of tape, even the best tape, don't always make a good nest.

And then about writing. Not even the wisest and cleverest teachers have ever been able to tell us any sure and simple way of learning to write well. Writing is a way of expressing our thoughts and feelings: it is less exciting than talking, but it has its advantages. Writing is poorer than talking because it loses the face, the voice, the gesture, the warm hands, and bright eyes that add so much to conversation. So it has to make up for this by a greater richness in words, by a greater care in expression, a closer web of reasoning. But it is only one way among many of expressing thoughts and feelings, and until we can learn to think and feel generously, finely, bravely, our writing is not likely to be eloquent. Perhaps some day one of your teachers will read aloud to you something—for instance some of Kipling's poems—that will give you the thrill of realizing what genius can do when it puts familiar human emotions into rhyme. But even that will give you no suspicion of the years of experiment that ripened that genius. To get a guess of that side of it you can learn in some of the Stalky stories what were the books Kipling himself read when he was at school.

Now we come back to the thrush. If her nest was a failure, I'm afraid it was partly my fault. I should have let her take a few strips of tape, not the whole thing at once. Perhaps the same thing is true in building a mind, which is only a little nest in the infinite oak-tree of life. But it ought to be comfortable and secure, a nest where you can hatch eggs of thought, and it must be fast enough not to be blown away in sudden squalls. Education, I suppose, is the tape. You can't pull it out of the ground unless someone loosens it for you, but the wise teacher will parcel it out gradually in convenient shreds. He won't chop up too much of it at once.

And education differs from that tape in one very important way. There's no end to it.

Christopher Morley.

The Catalan poet, Magi Moreira I Galicia, is dead in his Catalan natal village of Lleyda, aged 74. He translated a number of Shakespeare's works from English into Catalan, not all, but many, including "Coriolanus," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," and "Venus and Adonis."

He was an ardent Catalan patriot, and took part in its political life, sitting for many years in the Cortes. He withdrew from politics when the present régime assumed reins of government.

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Books of Special Interest

A Practical Dreamer

EDISON: The Man and His Work. By GEORGE S. BRYAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by ALRERT PARSONS SACHS

AT a time when literary genius is being re-evaluated in a flood of new biographies and monographs, the record of the still unfinished work of a great inventor cannot fail to achieve interest.

Edison's own analysis of genius was "1 per cent inspiration and 99 per cent perspiration." It is characteristic of Edison's undoubted genius—for he is a genius as surely as was Napoleon (to whom Sarah Bernhardt compared Edison!) or Newton or Shakespeare—that he sees the "transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all" as the chief ingredient of genius.

Mr. Bryan's book is an excellent biography and an excellent book. We find emerging from its pages the complete portrait of a young man in the dark ages when we had no telephone, no phonograph, no electric bulb, no electric railway, no moving picture and dozens of other modern necessities, luxuries, and nuisances. We see him grow to maturity, to fame, and to pleasant old age, transforming the very face of the earth with the inspiration of his mind and the perspiration of his body. This extraordinary mortal whose body by some playful sport of nature seems tireless, sleepless, enduring, lighted up the world almost single-handed. He invented our electric lighting systems practically complete, generators, distribution lines, meters, fuses, and bulbs. His work to him was never finished; improvements could always be made and were made by him and by others. Think of the fertility of mind that accounted for an automatic vote-recorder (patent granted June 1, 1869) and by the middle of 1910 had inspired applications for 1,328 distinct patents, one every days for forty years!

The pages of our story show the unschooled lad as a telegraph operator whose fertile brain brought important inventions, first in the telegraph and then in the telephone; he caused the new light of electricity to illumine the whole world; he made the phonograph single-handed. It is sometimes said that Edison's fame has fed on the work of others. Mr. Bryan's book with no particular thesis in mind shows how utterly absurd such statements are. It was Edison who furnished the ideas, it was Edison who laid the plans, it was Edison who directed the work, it was Edison himself who worked and achieved.

A career that has included so many distinct achievements requires a book as its bare outline; no review can recapitulate the book. The tremendous practicality of the man is shown by isolated facts. It was Edison who introduced the use of paraffin-paper for wrapping foodstuffs; Edison who planned and built poured concrete houses; Edison who built a cement mill, invented motion picture photography and "talking movies," who entered not only new fields and won the pioneer's right, but attacked old fields and achieved the conqueror's right. His storage battery represents deliberate effort to improve a highly developed art.

Mr. Bryan's book is not only a record of the achievements of a great career, but a narrative which links Edison to the life and men of his era. In the long fight against skepticism we see Henry Villard with faith in the achievements of Edison and an understanding of the changes which were occurring in technology. Mr. Bryan's descriptions of processes, equipment, scientific principles, and patents are clear, accurate, and simple—an unusual state of affairs, unfortunately, in the biographies of scientists.

In 1915, at the tender age of sixty-eight, Edison was induced by Josephus Daniels to become first chairman and then president of the Naval Consulting Board. As a result of this work Edison communicated thirty-nine inventions and plans ranging from a steamship decoy to a ship's light visible to other ships but invisible to submarines.

Even now at the age of eighty (Mr. Edison was eighty on February 11, 1927) the fertile mind is still planning its plans, the enduring body is still perspiring to achieve the plans, and a great world figure is already becoming beclouded with persistent myths. Mr. Bryan's book can be used as the source of authentic information about one of the greatest of Americans, a clear-minded, practical visionary who has gazed at the bright face of truth and has learned much and taught much.

A Great Educator

CHARLES W. ELIOT, THE MAN AND HIS BELIEFS. Edited with a Biographical Study by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. 2 vols. $10.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES W. ELIOT. By EDWARD H. COTTON. Boston: Small, Maynard. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WEEKS
Columbia University

IN the first of these works, we have more than forty addresses and articles by President Eliot himself, preceded by a well-balanced biographical introduction by his friend, President Neilson. The work thus offers more than 700 pages of Eliot himself, and this is as it should be, for we need to have access to these addresses and articles, many of which are hard to find.

We see in these forty papers what the great educator thought of scores of important things: education, literature, politics, capital and labor, government, war and peace, religion, morals, together with valuable chapters on some of his famous contemporaries. Those of us who did not have the privilege of personal acquaintance with Eliot will come to know and appreciate him in these pages, and those of us who knew him will read them with pride and satisfaction. Here will be found the intelligence, poise, courage, kindliness, and strength on which two generations counted in every good cause. Here is the man who did not know how to sit tight with a cowardly majority, who did not mind standing alone or with a small minority, who lived at the opposite pole from the smooth educator, the social climber, the intellectual and religious snob who infests many of our institutions of learning. Eliot knew that the time to state a truth was when there was danger in doing so. Accordingly, these pages are surprisingly free from the timidity, cowardice, and commonplaceness which mark the public utterances of most of our college presidents and deans. To measure the distance which separates them from him, compare, for example, the thirty-seven pages of his inaugural address—delivered, if you please, in 1869—with any similar address you know. What courage, originality, and intelligence Eliot showed! what aloofness from evasion and platitude!

Again, in the matter of style, these papers show Mr. Eliot's superiority. Read almost any of the forty papers, and note the cogency of thought, the care of presentation, the accuracy, the power, and, combined with these qualities, the restraint, which shows itself in the absence of superlatives. If you then compare these papers, taken together, with the dun field of current educational and pedagogical articles, you will see the difference between a servant of truth and a servant of self.

Mr. Cotton's "Life of Charles W. Eliot" has been done *con amore*. It was prepared during the lifetime of Mr. Eliot, and shows no trace of haste. It is written with the calm, dignity, sweetness, and sense of proportion which were characteristics of our greatest college president, and forms the perfect complement to the book mentioned above. The chapter on the Eliots of Boston and that on Charles the Boy, contain enough of value for an entire volume. One will not find elsewhere the equivalent of these two chapters, especially the second. Among the illustrations, one is tempted to remove and have framed the adorable portrait of the boy Charles at the age of fifteen, of the frontispiece, which represents Eliot, the man—one can not say the old man—at ninety. Mr. Cotton's good taste in literature leads him to stress the right things in President Eliot's writings, and among them the unique story of John Gilley.

One thing stands out clearly in this biography: Charles William Eliot was not an accident. This fact is as wholesome and sound as was his career.

Messrs. Ernest Benn, of London, published a facsimile in colors of Blake's "Songs of Innocence" which was very popular as a gift book last Christmas. The same publisher is now preparing a series of such books in view of the Blake centenary, and two more volumes are now announced; "The Songs of Experience," exactly uniform with the "Songs of Innocence," is just ready; and during the summer an edition will be issued of the "Book of Job,"

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THERE was once an American boy, intelligent, gifted, loving his country, understanding it, and worshipping it, an American boy who had a great literary talent, a real genius for psychology, and who would have made a brilliant career, a great deal of money, achieved an enormous reputation in the United States; but he chose France: Julian Green. If you saw him you could not doubt he is an American. His tidy dress, his way of shaving, his voluntary and natural restraint in anything he says or does, his face at the same time refined and mysterious, are not French but American. Nevertheless Julian Green is a French writer and is going to be one of the greatest living French writers. His three novels in less than a year have made of him the foremost French novelist of the younger generation.

Julian Green was born in France of a father who was a Virginian and a mother who came from Georgia. He was educated partly in France and partly in America. He learned to love France, which gave him his intellectual standards, and he was somewhat afraid of America, which he heard described as a materialistic and selfish country; then he came to the United States and to his great delight he found at the University of South Carolina where he went, a very spiritual, intelligent, and really mystic atmosphere. Nothing of this smug self-satisfaction he had heard attributed to Americans in Europe, but on the contrary a very deep eagerness, an intense need of spiritual satisfactions, and an extraordinary unrest, which appealed to him more than anything else. He was and is a Catholic. America did not hurt him as the land of physical pleasure, the kingdom of good time and easy life; he could perceive, because he really was an American, that on the contrary there is at the bottom of American civilization an extraordinary expectation and a marvelous hope. He loved and admired the country of his father and of his mother. One can wonder then why, knowing that there was so much to be done there and so much glory, money, love to be earned there, he did not choose America, but having two countries and two civilizations at his disposition he preferred France.

He was obliged to do it because he is before all a writer, a professional novelist. Julian Green has talent and a good deal more, but he writes, composes, and thinks as a professional man. He was born to be a novelist and he will be a novelist. He will fulfil his destiny. He felt that in America he would always be a "story-teller" as Sherwood Anderson says, or a "highbrow" old man who writes best-sellers, but that he could never be, as he could be in France, a great novelist, respected and admired by all. One of the few tragical things in America is that if you grow refined and cultured you feel sooner or later that you are bound to be either a disciple of English literature or an adventurer. It is very clear that the schools, colleges, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the American Academy are really English institutions meant to keep in America the old and traditional standards of English literature. (I am not sure and I do not mean that an Englishman would approve of all they do or say, but simply that they follow closely and directly the English tradition.) On the other hand if you want to break with this tradition, at the same time admirable and respectable, you have to fight and take a chance. You are no more a writer but rather a polemist. Mencken, Waldo Frank, etc., are great men, *but* they are fighters. Julian Green is not an Englishman, but he is not a fighter. And so he chose France. In France he found a broad literary tradition, a well defined literary situation, a greatly honored literary career, a cult for newness and invention, and quietness. He needed all of them. He was a Southerner and not a Yankee. He had a subtle understanding of what was defeat, suffering, sorrow, and failure. He did not despise the French people for their sentimentality and emotionalism as a boy coming from the triumphant race (New England) might have done. He felt at home in a country which was not his country but had a very wide and precise human experience of the sentiments and passions which attracted him. He was not a climber, a social reformer, or an apostle, but a good writer and a great novelist who wanted to find a peaceful place to write what he had to say. In France he found the literary profession socially organized and respected; he found, what is more, the literary field clearly circumscribed and defined. He knew his qualities were technical, intellectual, and literary but not social. He realized he did not know anything about advertisement and did not like it much. Consequently, although his sensibility, his logic, and his tastes are American he became a French writer.

In a year three novels have made him one of the best known European writers—"Mont Cinère," "Le Voyageur sur la Terre," and "Adrienne Mesurat," which is just out (Paris: Plon). Julian Green writes a very fine and strong French. He would belong to the realistic school if there still were a realistic school, or if he were still an American, but as he has chosen France he is a psychologist. His novels are sad, pessimistic, and generally describe a human being entirely under the influence of a destroying passion. He follows the evolution of this moral and mental illness until it has killed the subject. His attention is unflinching and undisturbed by anything which happens in the story. He always looks at his heroes with care, patience, a mysterious sympathy, and a clear placidity. He respects life, good or bad, and allows it to follow its course. You do not find in him the ordinary nervousness of the Latin writers, but the detachment and pride of the Anglo-Saxon. He has described life in small Southern cities of the United States ("Mont Cinère"), in a small university of the Southern States ("Le Voyageur sur la Terre"), or in a small French town, ("Adrienne Mesurat"), and always we find him intelligent, scrupulous, attentive, charitable, but protected by his admirable technique. This is the reason probably why he gives the impression of going to be such a great writer. He has composed admirable and strong books, but he has not yet revealed himself, and he has still kept most of what he has to say. He is ambiguous, rich, powerful; he is a great writer, and he will some day, when he cares and feels ready, be a great man.

In the evolution of French contemporary literature he comes at a proper time, giving a soberly passionate and detached view of life after the sharp crisis of the post-war period, and its poetic excitement. He does not treat life and the outside world as a mere fancy of human imagination and the product of desire; he takes it as a true thing and brings back into French prose an intelligent realism which has disappeared since 1870.

Julian Green, the American, has chosen France as his literary *patrie*, but America is still the *patrie* of his mind and sensibility.

Otto Flake, who in his earlier novels through the character of his hero, Ruland, presented some poignant portrayals of post-war Europe, of its chaotic mental and emotional life, furnishes another description of modern society in "Villa, U. S. A." (Berlin: Fischer). The book takes its name from the villa of an America on the Arno at which the story is laid, and in which a group of very modern young men and women are thrown into intimate relationship.

Hermann Sudermann's latest novel, "Der Tolle Professor" (Stuttgart: Cotta'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung Nachfolger), is interesting principally for the fidelity with which the daily round of academic life is portrayed. The tale itself is somewhat sentimental, but the skill with which the background is worked in is notable.

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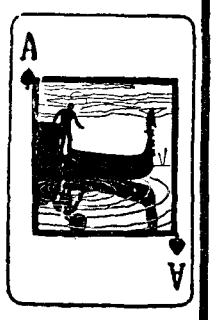

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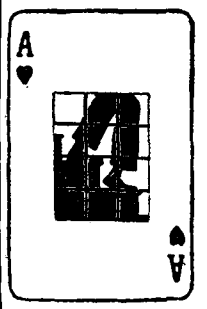

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Points of View

Hawthorne Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I am glad you published that letter by Mary M. Colum about Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mrs. Colum is always interesting and competent. But I have been wondering whether she may not have taken Julian Hawthorne's review a little bit too seriously?

When I read his paper I too was amazed, as many of your readers must have been. But not quite to the point of writing a letter about it. Mrs. Colum's remarks, however, sent me back to Julian Hawthorne's review, or rather, his note of exception against Lloyd Morris's book, "The Rebellious Puritan"—for after all, Mr. Hawthorne candidly exclaimed, "Oh, I know that this is no proper criticism or review . . ."

To be sure, Mr. Hawthorne is a trifle touchy over his father, but he surely must be granted that privilege. Last night, out in Jersey, I was prowling through some well-seasoned bound volumes of the *Century Magazine*, and came across two essays which, upon careful perusal, gave me a better appreciation of Mr. Hawthorne's point of view in what he said in *The Saturday Review* of April 16.

In one of these essays, published July, 1884, when Julian was a young man of thirty-eight, and only twenty years after Nathaniel's death, he said:

"He had to be alone. The force of the habit acquired during those solitary years in Salem could not now be overcome; and he had the air of feeling as if this business of story-producing was not altogether a reputable one—hardly to be alluded to in decent society. I remember that his son was led to take that view of the matter at a very tender age, and used to regard this unfortunate proclivity of his father with a sympathetic regret. It seemed strange that a man of his general ability and strength and charm of character should be the victim of such a weakness. The father was inclined to encourage this attitude on his son's part, and so successfully that the latter was over eighteen years old before he became familiar with any of the former's works, except the 'Wonder Books' and the 'True Stories.' 'Whatever you do, old boy, never write books!' was an exhortation volunteered more than once; and the recipient of it used to wonder why a warning so entirely gratuitous should be given at all. Write books, indeed!"

You see, Mr. Hawthorne has been consistent, though now at eighty it may be that he has grown less patient, or that his humor is less rotund, or perhaps merely that he has dropped the literary grace which is more apt to adorn (and become) a younger man than an elder. If he chooses at this late time to present us with Nathaniel Hawthorne, Pirate, it is after all his privilege, and does not necessarily deprive Mr. Morris of his own views, which are perspicacious in another way. In the above-mentioned essay, readers of the *Review* ought to learn how Mr. Hawthorne "took down" a certain Mr. Moncure D. Conway, a writer of the day, for giving an inexact account of Nathaniel Hawthorne's homecoming after he was superseded in the Custom House and began "The Scarlet Letter."

Mr. Hawthorne's earlier essay was entitled, "Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances," and was engagingly illustrated; in the *Century* for May, that year, he had another essay, "The Salem of Hawthorne." I do not know whether these were incorporated in any of Julian Hawthorne's books, but every admirer of Nathaniel Hawthorne should read them. Incidentally, in these same issues of the *Century*, appeared Henry James's story, serialized: "Lady Barberina."

It was the works of Henry James which taught me to say, as I have elsewhere said, that "Hawthorne's mind was less moral than it was poetic; though moral, not moralizing; poetic inasmuch as it rendered the substance of man's conscience through a prose form at once instinct with beauty and guided by the highest type of spontaneous creative fancy." And it was James, as you know, who said that Hawthorne "contrived, by an exquisite process, best known to himself, to transmute this heavy moral burden into the very substance of the imagination, to make it evaporate in the light and charming fumes of his artistic production." These are not terms in which one thinks of Pirates, whether or not inhibited.

May I have enough space to quote the concluding paragraph of Julian Hawthorne's quite beautiful essay in the *Century*? "The scenes of Hawthorne's novels," he wrote, "are not—be it repeated—accessible by earthly travel. His books, being works of art and of imagination, can be effectively explained and illuminated only by study of their inner aim and significance, to which the pictures of nature and human nature which they contain are strictly auxiliary. As some wise man has said, the mystical enjoyment of a thing goes infinitely further than the intellectual; and we can contemplate a work of art with delight and profit long after all that we can be taught about it has grown poor and wearisome."

No doubt Mr. Morris in "The Rebellious Puritan" intended to study the "inner aim and significance" of both Hawthorne and his works, and I think he made a good job of it. No doubt Mrs. Colum has studied Hawthorne in a like spirit, and I admire her support of Mr. Morris in shielding him against Mr. Hawthorne's pretty reminiscences—and more particularly her plea for disentangling biographical "facts" from present-day literary scrutiny. But on the other hand, be he guilty of what he may, Julian Hawthorne has contributed much of precious value concerning his father, and has helped as much as anyone to make him better appreciated as a great American writer and artist.

Isn't the important point that, the more there is printed about our few Americans of Nathaniel Hawthorne's stature, the better for American literature? It seems to me, at any rate, that this sort of amiable discussion is a healthy sign, when it can persist in the face of far more energetic discussion concerning the work of some of our contemporary leading lights.

Hempstead, L. I. LEON KELLY.

If It Is Pudding

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Professor Manly, taking exception (April 23) to my review (March 12) of Professor Rickert's "New Methods for the Study of Literature," says, "I think that he (the reviewer) has failed to furnish the reader with accurate information concerning the methods themselves." This appears to me to be a serious charge and instances of such inaccuracy should have been furnished. Instead Professor Manly disputes the correctness of the reviewer's views on what constitutes literary study and on how far literature is to be considered oral. Your readers are then given a fuller summary of the book than the reviewer gave. In my summary there is, I believe, no inaccuracy.

Perhaps Professor Manly would prove inaccuracy by citing as he does, the number of pages in each chapter. My contention was that the book treated chiefly of words and language in the material aspect of sound, rather than in the formal aspect of sense. Take, for instance, Chapter IV, "Thought Patterns," with 38 pages. I should consider that three or, at most, six pages directly and explicitly refer to the meaning of words. Chapter VI, "Tone Patterns," containing fifty-one pages, treats entirely of alliteration, assonance, and the like, and of their connection with thought. This chapter, the longest in the book, is about sounds, and the reviewer gave reasons why most of the discussion is illusory. Letters are conventional, not natural, signs of thought.

I wrote, "The serious limitation of Professor Rickert's methods is that her analysis supposes literature to be oral or sounding, whereas it is mostly written." Limitation was not intended to mean that sound was totally excluded, but that it should not be made almost the sole study in a book on literature. The rejoinder does not touch this point, nor prove the reviewer inaccurate.

Professor Rickert had held that various studies of literature, though important were scientific and not a study of "literature itself." The reviewer agreed but tried to show that Professor Rickert's study also was mainly scientific and not literary, because it centered its attention on the material aspects of the words. Language is, I expressly stated, a necessary medium of literature, but not every study of language is artistic, and it need not be utterly absurd to hold that one may study the philology, grammar, lexicography, and phonology of words without studying literature. A body is necessary to man, but anatomy is not psychology nor biology. A study of colors and the arrangement of colors may be artistic, but it may be only scientific. Even patterns are not enough to distinguish a linoleum effect from a picture.

The students who are enjoying and profiting by the studies of Professor Rickert are no doubt doing scientific work helpful to them and, I trust, of service to all; but their enthusiasm does not change the nature of their work. No gusto in eating good roast beef will prove beef to be pudding. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, only if the dish is pudding.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S. J.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Gissing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Mr. Morley's paper on Gissing interested me immensely. I read Gissing, everything I could lay my hands on, fully twenty-five years ago, when almost nobody, in America at any rate, at least nobody I encountered, had even heard of him. When I used to say, "have you seen," etc., naming the one of his novels I then had in hand, the answer would be, perhaps, "Oh, I don't read scientific books," or, "I never heard of him, sounds deep," and so on.

Then I would explain that "Gissing is a novelist," and there would be the usual bored, "really," and that would end the conversation. In a few instances, when I cared enough, I would give a Gissing into a friend's hand, and always that person would go on, like myself, looking for every available book of the English novelist.

Here is an experiment I made after betting with a friend that Gissing was not essentially a "high brow" writer. My chief, at that time, an Irishman, uneducated, but with an excellent mind, used to come into my office occasionally to ask me what I had been reading. On a Saturday afternoon I sent into his office a copy of Gissing's "In the Year of the Jubilee." On Monday morning he appeared in the doorway of my office with the little book in his hand, and putting it down on my desk, he said: "I didn't do a thing all Sunday but read that blooming book, never looked at a newspaper." After that he read "Demos," "The New Grub Street," "Odd Women," and on down to the very last of the Gissing novels he could find.

New Haven, Conn. I. F.

Needed—A Glossary

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

My long-standing admiration for Edith Wharton is heightened by the delightful "Twilight Sleep," in which the raw spirits of Sinclair Lewis and the emollient Juniper juice of Henry James are blended with a suavity not to be found in most of our current synthetic products, or indeed in some of the earlier vintages of Mrs. Wharton's own kitchen stove. But I do wish her American publishers would do something to make the foreign locutions which she affects more intelligible to American readers.

If Mrs. Wharton chose to write her novels in French or Italian, a translation would be provided for the American market; I do not see why at least a glossary cannot be furnished when she persists in using the local dialect of South Britain. Such a word as "cinema," given the false quantities and the incorrect accentuation with which the English endow it, may be regarded, if not as a naturalized American, at least as a resident alien; and references to the "bonnet" of a motor car are intelligible to those of us who have mastered our Michael Arlen. But when it comes to such language, in a novel purely American in scene and spirit, as "the pointsman at the shunting station," one cannot help feeling that the italics which distinguish even so thoroughly Americanized a foreigner as "laisse faire" might be profitably bestowed on this purely English phrase which has gone off globe-trotting.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

A NEW TESTAMENT. By *Sherwood Anderson.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

ŒDIPUS OR POLLYANNA. By *Barrett H. Clark.* University of Washington Chapbooks.

JOHN. By *Henry Noble MacCracken.* University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

THE BOOKS OF SIR THOMAS MOORE. By *Samuel A. Tannenbaum.* New York: Tenny Press. $3.

THE AUTHOR'S MIND. By *Lawrence H. Conrad.* Highland Falls: Editor Council.

THE HARVEST OF QUIET EYE. By *Odell Shepard.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

PROBLEMS IN SHAKESPEARE'S PENMANSHIP. By *Samuel A. Tannenbaum.* Century. $4.

MINOR PROPHECIES. By *Lee Simonson.* Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.

NEW BACKGROUNDS FOR A NEW AGE. By *Edwin Avery Park.* Harcourt, Brace. $5.

DOROTHY AND WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. By *C. M. Maclean.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

Biography

THE LOVE LETTERS OF MARY HAYS (1779-1780). Edited by her great-great-niece A. F. WEDD. London: Methuen & Co. 1925.

We are inveigled into reading the "Love Letters" by the announcement that Mary Hays was the friend of Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Southey, the Lambs, and others. But the two hundred pages of the love letters proper have no mention of them, and deal exclusively, sentimentally, and tiresomely with the youthful passions of Mary Hays and her lover. In the last thirty pages of the volume we have a few letters from Godwin and others, and these form the chief interest of the book; yet they have no particular connection with the love letters. Mary Hays was an extremely minor literary light, who enjoyed being pilloried in the press, on a few occasions, because she was a Godwinite, and followed Mary Wollstonecraft in championing women's rights. What interest we have in her youth would be satisfied by ten—instead of one hundred and thirty—of the love letters; there would then be room for some of those letters of Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, and others which, we understand from the introduction, have been omitted, and the book would contain a more balanced and useful selection. The editing of the letters is uninforming; inaccuracies of citation and quotation in the introduction make one the readier to find the excuse for the book on the title page: "edited by the great-great-niece of Mary Hays."

Education

THE FOLK HIGH SCHOOLS OF DENMARK AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF A FARMING COMMUNITY. By HOLGER BEGTRUP, HANS LUND, and PETER MANNICHE. Oxford University Press. 1927.

Every nation has its own solution for its national problems, whether it be dictatorship or democracy, tradition or innovation, policemen or purity campaigns. Denmark, perhaps more wisely than others, has chosen education for the people. Its instrument has been the Folk High School, attended largely by peasants, or rather by farmers, to do justice to the change which the Folk High Schools have wrought. Its method has been teaching by the "living word," to use the phrase of Grundtvig, who sponsored the movement in its infancy nearly a century ago. Its aim has been "spiritual" rather than intellectual education. Its fruits, among other things, have been the remarkable success of the Danish coöperative movement, and the intelligence with which Danish farmers have met their problems of production and selling.

The enlightenment of a whole people by means of adult education ought to be a fascinating story. Unfortunately, in this volume, it is not. Although the first two authors give much space to the political and social background of the Folk School development, they leave the reader with a sense that the movement has been guided by the Grundtvigian tradition rather than by the conditions in which it was set, and that the tradition was thinly sentimental. The success of the movement convinces one that this cannot be the whole story, and Peter Manniche, in the last few chapters, gives a view which might more happily have occupied the whole book.

ADULT ELEMENTARY EDUCATION. By *Huldah Florence Cook* and *Edith May Walker.* Scribners. $1.80.

GUIDE TO "GOOD READING." By *Sarah E. Griswold* and *Flora Torrence.* Scribners. 96 cents.

AU PAYS DE FRANCE. By *Mme. Camerlynck* and *G. H. Camerlynck.* Allyn & Bacon.

Fiction

COCKADES. By MEADE MINNIGERODE. New York: Putnam. 1927. $2.

Mr. Minnigerode writes historical romances with dash and color. He has a rich imagination, and his knowledge of his historical backgrounds is more than adequate. This story of America in the days of Adams and Jefferson, when it was a battleground for Francophile Republicans, Francophobe Federalists, and a tempting field for French intrigue, is all movement and mystery from beginning to end. The centre of the action is a lad who is authentically reputed to be the Dauphin, and the mystery of whose birth is not solved until the last few pages. Guarded carefully by the Royalist refugees of New York who have brought him to America, he falls, after much plotting, counter-plotting, and bloodshed, into the hands of the agents of the French Republic; and is hardly in their possession before the emissaries of Spain have him. From this point the story flows with accelerated pace. It carries the hero—the supposed Dauphin—from Philadelphia to New Orleans, and from Louisiana and Florida to Havana and back; it brings into the pages many famous figures—Citizen Genet, Aaron Burr, Stephen Jumel and his mistress, Betsy Delacroix, the Spanish minister, Don Carlos de Yrujo, and General Wilkinson; it shows the reader not a few historic scenes, from election riots in New York to the memorable day when the American flag replaced the French at the Place d'Armes in New Orleans; and of course it soon gives us a highly romantic love affair. Mr. Minnigerode adroitly withholds his surprise until the very end. The style, as befits so florid and dashing a tale, is highly rhetorical. There is a good deal in the book of what Stevenson, when he was writing "The Black Arrow," called "tushery," but it is all in place in a romance of cape and sword and duelling-pistols. The best of its varied elements is the picture of old New Orleans, as the best of the varied elements of "Cordelia Chantrell" was the picture of old Charleston.

THE PENDULUM. By MRS. BURNETT-SMITH. Doran. 1927. $2.

This is one woman's story, faithfully told, of her life from childhood into marriage, and through the war years. The reactions of Magdalen Hudson are those of a fine, warm person, and her experiences offer her sufficient challenge. The daughter of an English minister in a country parish, she led a stifled life until marriage and motherhood opened new vistas to her. Then came the war, hysteria, passion for a man not her husband, reconciliation with the latter, and finally happiness.

Mrs. Burnett-Smith's story is managed easily and with pleasantness, but with little artistry. It is a prosy tale.

FRANCIS DRAKE AND OTHER EARLY EXPLORERS ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST. By JOHN W. ROBERTSON. San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press. 1927.

This volume adds one more to the already long list of writings in regard to the probable location of the spot on the California coast where Sir Francis Drake landed, beached, and repaired the "Golden Hind" in 1579; but it does not add much to our knowledge. The author apparently prefers the Port of San Francisco, rather than Drakes's or Bolinas Bay, but he adduces no really new evidence in support of his contention, and devotes himself chiefly to commenting on the dicta of earlier California authorities on the subject, such as H. H. Bancroft and Professor George Davidson. There are numerous unsupporting generalizations, and curious vagaries of spelling, accentuation, and style. The author has obviously become deeply immersed in the "Hakluyt Narrative" and "The World Encompassed," selections from both of which are printed in the appendix.

But if Mr. Robertson's work does not help to solve the problem to which it is chiefly devoted, it is emphatically a very pleasant volume to possess. It is sumptuously printed, on admirable paper, with wide margins; it contains charming colored reproductions of some twenty-eight ancient maps; it has evidently been from first to last a labor of love. A long "running start" of eighty-four pages deals with the discoveries of Cortés, the California Indians, and the Jesuit missions; and there are concluding pages about Galvez, Portolá, and John C. Fremont. And the whole book is suffused with delightful enthusiasm for the

(*Continued on next page*)

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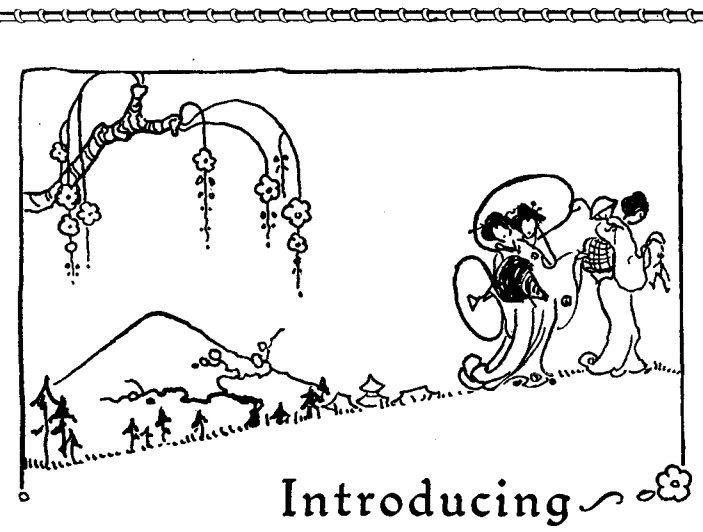

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By THOMAS RAUCAT

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Golden State, whose "Golden Gate has opened a new western world," "as the Golden Horn marked the end of the old civilization in the East."

THE BRETHREN OF THE AXE. By JOHN SOMERS. Dutton. 1927.

With perfectly familiar ingredients, Mr. Somers has yet managed to concoct an absorbing tale, a story of international intrigue, violent incident, and hairbreadth escape sufficiently swift-moving to hold the reader fascinated until the last page is turned. Granted the plausibility of the absolutely improbable political conspiracy upon which it revolves, the plot marches forward with order and steadily cumulating suspense. Mr. Somers has chosen Venice as the scene against which his drama of the struggle of a British Secret Service agent to run to ground a plot threatening the peace of the world unfolds, and the canals and islands of that romantic city afford an admirable background for the game of international hide-and-seek at which he has set his characters. To be sure, the end is never in doubt—the mere fact that the tale is told in the first person precludes that—yet the author's fruitful fancy and ingenuity in resolving complications lend excitement to his individual episodes. Moreover his book is well written—a quality all too infrequently found in works of its type—and its happenings well articulated. Those who like a good old-fashioned tale of adventure, cloth from which a movie melodrama can be cut, will enjoy this tale.

THE LOVELY SHIP. By STORM JAMESON. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Miss Jameson adds another portrait to her gallery of individualistic women. Mary Hansyke in the 1850's takes to shipbuilding as naturally as women of her day were supposed to take to cooking or sewing. One is not fully convinced of the reality of Mary's background, although of Mary's character there isn't a doubt. For this reason the book is rather dreary reading in the first part where the author goes to great length to describe the background which was responsible for Mary. But, once into the story of Mary, the reader is interested in spite of the fact that incidents and persons are dragged in by the hair of the head in order that we may see Mary's reactions.

Miss Jameson writes of women with understanding and sympathy, and what is more important, without sentimentality. Mary Hansyke must solve her problems without quarter from the world because she belongs to the so-called weaker sex, and she does. She fails as the logical consequence of her particular weaknesses as a person. She is an opportunist who sees her opportunity and takes it, doing most of her thinking afterwards. This works out very well in ship-building but fails in marriage, and after two unsuccessful ventures into matrimony, Mary awakens. With all her hard commonsense and resourcefulness Mary has the romantic notions of her times in regard to love and because of these, more than any other contributing factor, her quest for love is bound for disaster.

Most of the characters who play important rôles in Mary's life are very shadowy affairs but she, alone, is interesting enough to carry a book.

THE MADONNA OF THE SLEEPING CARS. By MAURICE DEKOBRA. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1927. $2.50.

The adventures of Lady Diana Wynham and Prince Seliman furnish excellent entertainment, many gleeful chuckles, and spicy tidbits. The story moves with the rapidity of a fast-moving cinema from London to Berlin and on to Russia where it stops just long enough to dash off a little conspiracy.

M. Dekobra burlesques "these charming people" with ease. This is a rollicking farce spiced with Gallic wit which has, apparently, lost nothing in translation. Not for an instant are you allowed to take anything in the book seriously. It is a bawdy book with the charm of a three-ring circus which probably accounts for its speedy acceptance in so many countries. It has, we believe, been translated into thirteen languages.

This is the first of M. Dekobra's books to appear in this country. The publishers state in their blurb that the author is the most popular French writer of modern romantic novels. It is difficult to see where the romance comes into this farcical sketch which gives a poke in the ribs to everything dealt with, even romance.

"The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars" can be read in an hour and forgotten in the same time but, nevertheless, you have sat in at a good show.

TRAGEDIES OF EASTERN LIFE. By LIM BOON KENG. Shanghai: The Commercial Press. 1927.

This novel has the sub-title, "an introduction to the problems of social psychology," which would be perplexing, if one did not realize the ineradicable preoccupation of the Chinese, even in their light literature, with moral problems. The author of the present work is President of Amoy University and has had wide experience with overseas Chinese, the *hua chiao*, who play so conspicuous a part in the background of Chinese financial life and who remain so loyal to the Chinese idea, even in its most drastic forms, in China. The scene of Dr. Lim's book is laid in Malaysia and it deals with the problem of race conflict and race admixture there. A comparison with "A Passage to India" at once suggests itself. The latter book is an infinitely more important work, taken as mere literature, that is, technically in style, in deftness of handling, in unity of plot. But if one has, in any way, been imbued with the Oriental point of view, one is aware that the Chinese author has certain remarkable qualities in his treatment of the field: there is a sweep of character portrayal, a sympathy with the various elements which go to make up the mixtures of population and motive, there is a predilection for moral values which hint that the author, with more experience, might produce a really important work of fiction.

The plot is, as is almost always the case in Chinese fiction, the "family" plot: this is intertwined with the efforts of the Chinese to build up, not so much a civilization in the tropics, as a *modus vivendi*, a definite material prosperity. The somewhat melodramtic plot, at first seemingly disjointed, is synthesized through the character of the girl, Rose. But the plot is actually unimportant. What is vital is the lack of bitterness, or of hate, on the part of the author for those races and interests which destroy his fellow-countrymen overseas. That cool objectivity, with its subtle ability to make all sides ridiculous, which is so large a part of the interest in Forster's book is merged into a gentle charity and a tolerance which are so great a part of the charm of the Chinese character. The thoughtful observer of race differences may well stop to consider this point in comparing the two works. Besides this, there are certain details which are extremely well done: the life of the Chinese family, which, whether overseas or at home, is so lacking in system and discipline, the attempts at reform on the part of the Malay Sultan, the running "amok" of a crazed Malay, horrors of the half-westernized civilization of those parts, above all, the characterization of the various persons, half-castes, wantons, panders, Moslems, and finally of the *hua chiao* themselves, who Chinese to the core, are still subtly molded by their tropical environment and neighbors. Especially interesting in the present juncture of affairs in China, is the author's frank recognition of the value of British rule in the South for the prosperity of the Chinese. For those who wish, not so much a novel as a study in race problems, the book will prove valuable. There is a certain confusion in names toward the end, due to hasty proofreading.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, LETTERS TO ELIZA AND OTHER PIECES. By *Laurence Sterne*. Edited by Wilbur L. Cross. Boni & Liveright.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. By *Laurence Sterne*. Edited by Wilbur L. Cross. Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

WHILE THE EARTH SHOOK. By *Claude Anet*. New York: Bard & Co.

LOST ECSTASY. By *Mary Roberts Rinehart*. Doran. $2 net.

ON LOVE. By *Stendhal*. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE PHANTOM PASSENGER. By *Mansfield Scott*. Clode. $2.

LOIS. By *Laurence W. Meynell*. Appleton. $2.

THE FOUR POST BED. By *Charles Fielding Marsh*. Appleton. $2.

WHIN FELL. By *Pamela Hamilton*. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

International

PALESTINE AWAKE; THE REBIRTH OF A NATION. By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB. Century. 1926. $2.50.

Much of Mrs. Loeb's useful and much-needed book is devoted to a brave reconciliation of incongruities. During her interview with the mayor of Jerusalem one helplessly remembers the Countess Nattatorrini being called upon to admire the waterworks, the projected depot, and the new high school at Maple Valley, but this levity receives its just rebuke in the reminder of how much poverty and distress the development of modern public utilities will relieve. What has already been done towards rehabilitating the Jewish Homeland by the English government and the Zionist Organization—the latter much the more active of the two—is ably presented. If one reads with a faint sinking of the heart of Tel Aviv, the wonder-city, the first completely Jewish municipality, numbering 40,000 souls, and proudly compared with Miami (this evidently before the late unpleasantness),—well, there is consolation in the report of Sir Ronald Storrs, president of the Pro-Jerusalem Society, which is intended to protect and preserve the ancient landmarks of the Holy City. And there can be nothing but praise for the chapters on the work nearest Mrs. Loeb's heart: the rearing and education of the young dependent child.

THE PROBLEMS OF PEACE. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

THE FASCIST DICTORSHIP IN ITALY. By *Gaetano Salvemini*. Holt. 3.

WHAT AND WHY IN CHINA. By *Paul Hutchinson*. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby.

Juvenile

THE JESTER'S PURSE AND OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. Bookshop Play Series No. 1. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $1.50.

A good play for children to act is as difficult to find as the strawberries which the cruel stepmother in the Grimm's fairy tale sent the little girl to pick in January snows. Every once in a long while one comes along like "Peter Pan" or "The Blue Bird" or "The Poor Little Rich Girl" or "Racketty Packetty House" and there are holiday matinees and theatres full of excited boys and girls. But even with such good luck, the plays are few and far between that children can give themselves. Elaborate scenery and costumes and overlong and complicated parts make too great demands. There is a real need at the present time for short, simply written plays with action and spirit enough to satisfy youthful actors.

The five plays in "The Jester's Purse" are offered especially to fit this need, all of them having been entered in a recent contest for children's plays conducted by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. The title play, also the prize winning one, is a pleasant costume comedy of gypsies, jesters, and Mayday merrymaking in old England. From an acting and producing standpoint, it is successful enough, but we felt much more might have been done to give beauty and charm to the lines. The same is true of the other plays in the collection, though "Sir Richard Serves His Queen" is better in this respect because the author, Ida May Owen, has woven into her own lines many old English rhymes and rounds, such as "My Man John," "Blow Thy Horn Hunter," and "Come Lasses and Lads." To our way of thinking her play seemed more spontaneous than the others; her historical characters, particularly those well known figures of Sherwood Forest, less type parts. "The Coming of Summer" is interesting, more because it is an adaptation of an American Indian fairy tale, than because it is an unusual play. Personally we think it would bore the average child except for the pleasure of dressing up in Indian blankets and feathers. Still, despite the fact that one wishes for more imagination and poetry, the collection is a practical one and an effort in the right direction. The Bookshop for Boys and Girls should continue its search after such dramatic material.

Miscellaneous

NEWSPAPER MANAGEMENT. By FRANK THAYER. Appleton. 1926. $5.

Mr. Thayer has added one more to the growing number of technical newspaper texts. His volume deals chiefly with newspaper organization, circulation problems, methods, and development, the advertising side of a newspaper, and the other problems which are usually dealt with by the owners and their business managers. That such a volume is necessary is further striking

(*Continued on page 920*)

By James Boyd

Author of "Drums"

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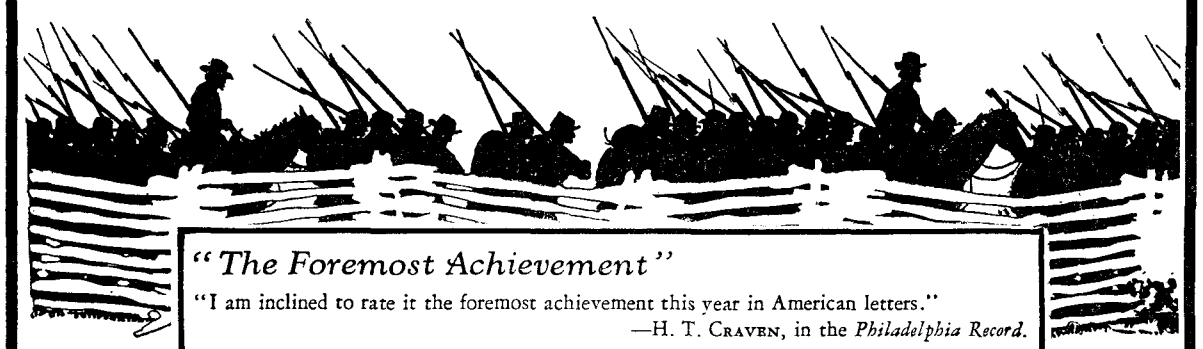

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE WEEK-END BOOK. (Doubleday, Page).
RUNAWAY DAYS. By *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* (Harcourt, Brace).
THE PRODIGIOUS LOVER. By *Louis Barthou.* (Duffield).

H. G., New York, asks for biographies of Americans that will form a background to American social history.

IF I were trying to give an outsider an idea of why certain features of American life and traits in American psychology are what they are today, I would direct him to a group of biographies that has been gathering during the past few years, important less for the prominence of the subject than for the effort at genuine understanding of its character and background evident in the treatment. Such is Lloyd Morris's study of Hawthorne in "The Reluctant Puritan" (Harcourt, Brace); I could not recommend a biography more likely to keep an elderly American reading enthralled to the close, unless it were this new collective biography called "Trumpets of Jubilee," by Constance Mayfield Rourke (Harcourt, Brace), which deals faithfully with the Beecher family, Lyman, Henry, and Harriet, and throws in Greeley and Barnum for good measure. I suppose M. R. Werner's "Barnum" (Harcourt, Brace) must have set the pace for this sort of biography in America; it can be more expansive than the delicate portraits of Gamaliel Bradford, and though it is often brilliant, it is seldom so at the expense of its subject; indeed, the man sometimes comes off better at its hands than at his own, as will be seen by a comparison of the various Barnums—Bradford's, Werner's, Rourke's, and Minnegerode's—with the one displayed in "Barnum's Own Story," a combination and condensation by Waldo R. Browne (Viking) of the various editions of his autobiography published during his lifetime. Don G. Seitz's "Horace Greeley" (Bobbs-Merrill), must be on such a list as this, and the new life of Robert Ingersoll, Cameron Rogers's "Voice of Gold" (Doubleday, Page); indeed I think no one can truly understand the America of today without knowing what Ingersoll meant to the Ingersoll men—even unto the second generation. This leads to Herbert Asbury's "A Methodist Saint: the Life of Bishop Asbury" (Knopf), or one might turn the other way to the field of the new life of "Luther Burbank: Our Beloved Infidel; His Religion of Humanity," by F. W. Clampett, with an introduction by David Starr Jordan (Macmillan). The life of Edgar Allan Poe in the two volumes of Hervey Allen's "Israfel" (Doran) will no doubt remain a standard biography, and as a contribution to our social history must not be omitted from this collection. Neither must "Thomas Paine," whom Mary Agnes Best sets before the reader in her biography with this title (Macmillan) as "prophet and martyr of democracy." If there still remain an American who thinks of Paine as a believer in extinction after death, he might do well to read Paine's joyful report after an apoplectic seizure, "My corporeal functions have ceased; my intellect is clear; this is proof of immortality," and his letter describing to a friend this "experiment in dying." This book will make more people angry for quite opposite reasons than any other on this list—which is but a report from books lately read, and by no means exhausts the material recently placed at the disposal of the student of our spiritual and social development.

H. B. N., Lawrence, Kans., asks for an essay on the subject of vacations, to be read at the meeting of a club after the summer interval.

THE one that seems to me ideal for this purpose is "Returning," an anonymous contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly* reprinted in "Essays and Essay Writing" (Atlantic Monthly Press). As many clubs print the opening meeting's program far in advance I suggest this for consideration.

P. M. P., Scranton, Pa., asks who is the best translator of Goldoni, and with which comedy it would be best to begin?

IF you begin with "The Mistress of the Inn" (La Locandiera), in the volume of "Moscow Art Theatre Plays" (Brentano, Second Series), you will have a play given in this city not only by the Russian players but in English by Miss Le Gallienne's company. "The World's Best Plays" series, published by Samuel French, contains several Goldoni translations: "The Coffee-house" and "The Fan," translated by Henry B. Fuller, and "The Beneficent Bear," by the editor of the series, Barrett Clark. "The Good Humoured Ladies," translated by Richard Aldington with an essay by Arthur Symons and cuts by Ethelbert White, was published by Beaumont, London, in a limited edition in 1922; in this year Selwyn brought out "The Liar," translated by Grace Lovat Fraser with Claude Lovat Fraser's pictures and an introduction by Gordon Craig. "Mirandolina" was adapted by Lady Gregory from "La Locandiera" (Putnam). For biographies you have "Goldoni," by H. C. Chatfield Taylor (Duffield), and a book for which I render thanks, for it sent me to these plays in the year 1920, when it appeared—"Goldoni and the Venice of His Time," by Joseph Spencer Kennard (Macmillan).

L. O. T., Sierra Madre, Cal., asks for stories to tell to a three-year-old; he is not averse to some with a moral inherent in the tale.

THERE is a selfish cock and a good little hen in the brilliant Czechoslovak picture book by Rafael Szalatnay, "The Cock and the Hen," published by the author, 542 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York. The famous family warning, "Struwwelpeter," by Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann (Dutton), is available in English, with the same curious colored old-fashioned pictures. These show the untidy Peter with nails like claws and hair uncombed, also cruel Frederic and a number of other juvenile criminals. I never tried "Struwwelpeter" on a child and it has functioned a long while in Germany without protest, but it gives me the creeps. The standard domestic monitor in this country seems to be Gelett Burgess's "Goops" (Stokes), of which there are several volumes.

"The Cry-baby Chicken and Other Stories," a new book by Madge A. Bingham (Little, Brown), has a little boy as the central figure but points such minor morals as it concerns by the conduct of various animals; these stories have the quality, whatever that is, that gets them to children. The author's "Fanciful Flower Tales" (Little, Brown), are widely read. Though there is no moral bearing in Julius King's new picture-book, "More Birds in Rhyme" (Nelson), I suggest it as a little child's companion: it has one bird to a page, life-size and colored in the most life-like manner, with the song indicated; the rhymes are not much, but then there is not much of them. I know how little children like books of this sort; an earlier one is "Birds in Rhyme" (Nelson).

I have just been admiring some German picture-books for little children so much that I take this chance of telling others about them: I own these volumes myself, just as works of art, having no young creature about save a Persian kitten. These are "Sport und Spiel," (Cologne: Hermann Shaffstein); and "Osterbuch," (Berlin: Bruno Cassirer). The first has no text at all and the second only the briefest of verses, the pictures are nothing short of charming; they are naïve and of the very moods of childhood, yet in the line of modern art.

Of course there is "Winnie-the-Pooh" (Dutton), but if anyone in this country is waiting for me to tell him about this adorable story-book, he is outside the subscription-list of this review.

Someone asks me where to get the foreign books that I now and then mention: any large bookshop will order them for you.

IN his "Histoire de la Suisse" (Paris: Payot), William Martin has with much discrimination chosen those elements of Swiss history which bear upon the development of national independence and internal unity in the Swiss Confederation. His work is one of synthesis which brings into just relationship the interconnection of the various cantons while passing over with brief mention certain of the great movements and events which while they played a large part in Swiss history bore less directly upon its evolution as a confederation. Throughout the book great stress is laid upon economic factors.

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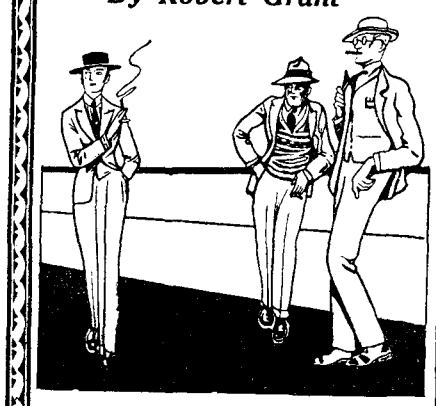

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The Phoenix Nest

A BOOK in which no less an arbiter than *James Branch Cabell* finds magic, and a book that pleases us with its jacket and cover and crazy illustrations and odd titles for its stories, is "The House of Lost Identity" by *Donald Corley* (McBride). The stories display a remarkable fantastic gift. This would be the kind of book to read in the pannelled library of some old English country house on an exceedingly stormy evening, with a log or two on the hearth to toast one's toes by and a noggin of the beverage of which the young gentleman in the title story imbibes so freely just by one's elbow. Then gradually the fiction of the tales would become fact and one might play piquet with an ancient ghost oneself. The variety of the yarns is opulent. . . .

"The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes" is out (Doran). But for the latest Sherlock we do not care a great deal. *Conan Doyle's* invention has worn thin. He retains a scrap or two of glamour, but later detective story writers, a number of them, have now surpassed his original rather garish craft. . . .

"Mosquitos," by *William Faulkner* (Boni & Liveright), is a novel that has puzzled us. Indubitably the author can writer. He drags in a number of things, however, which oppress us with their ugliness, and some conversations which bore us a good deal. And then every once in so often he tears loose with description or characterization that makes us sit up again. A talented young man, with *James Joyce* not wholly out of his system, handling a group of people most of them common as mud in a fashion that, in spite of ourselves, we find interesting. . . .

Due to our recent craftily humorous remarks we have received a copy of *The Homiletic Review*, an international magazine of religion, theology, and philosophy, every phase of the minister's work discussed. It is a marked copy, and the article marked is entitled "Enter Elmer Gantry." A rather good line in it is "Mr. *Sinclair Lewis* has sent a comic valentine to the American clergy." That is about it. In general we find this article by Professor *Gaius Glenn Atkins*, D. D., of Auburn, N. Y., an excellent one. It is sane and sensible, giving credit where credit is due and criticism where criticism is deserved. Professor Atkins speaks mildly, not without a twinkle in his eye occasionally and with considerable sensitive insight into the requirements of a work of fiction. Frankly, we expected a tirade. We got quite the opposite, the appraisal of a cultivated gentleman of generous spirit, and a man of no mean intelligence. He is an ornament to the ministry. . . .

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BONI & LIVERIGHT *Publishers*, N. Y. Good Books

A book of poems comes from the America Press; a book of poems by *Leonard Feeney*, S. J. There are charm and delicacy in several of them. In "Obsequies," and elsewhere, there is a light ironic touch that arrests one's attention. We like this book. The author has a right to the title of poet. His singing may be too simple for the extremely intellectual but it has both fervor and grace. Here is a good example of his best qualities. He has an instinct for good phrase.

TO A BLACKSMITH

Had I the brawn, not linened and laundered
In fashion, these idle times,
Would I bide the hours—my strength all squandered
In rhymes?

With the loan of your hammer to smite with a dreadful
Swing on the molten bars,
I would people the dingy air with a shedful
Of stars!

Naturally such a man has a friend in the delectable Irish-American poet, *Francis Carlin*; is familiar with the beautiful, strange poetry of *Father Hopkins*; writes nobly of *Padraic Pearse* and "The Gifford Girl," she who married *Joseph Mary Plunkett*, poet and soldier, at Richmond Barracks in Ireland, just before he was shot. . . .

From *William Edwin Rudge*, Mount Vernon, N. Y., comes a most charming invitation headed "The fresh air moves like water round a boat, the white clouds wander. Let us wander too." "If you are in search of a pleasant vernal experience in the country," the invitation goes on, "now is the time to visit a print shop that is only half an hour from the Grand Central and yet in an idyllic setting. The map shows how to reach it. At any time between the hours of nine and five, you may have a guide. If you come at noon luncheon will be prepared for you. Books, old and new, reproductions of many sorts, presses, cases, linotype, monotype, bookbinding, an English-style house, pure country air—instruction and pleasure." All of which sounds to us extremely agreeable. . . .

"Frontier Ballads," heard and gathered by *Charles J. Finger*, is advertised by Doubleday in a limited edition of three hundred and fifty copies, with illustrations by *Paul Honoré*, at ten dollars. The regular trade edition is three fifty. The book won't be out until October 7, but you watch for it in the Fall. . . .

While we're about it, we might as well slip you the word about some other good stuff that Doubleday has coming along in the Autumn. A new *F. P. A.* book, "Half a Loaf" (September 9) will maintain the standard of "So Much Velvet" and "So There!" An important biography will be *G. Jean-Aubry's "Joseph Conrad:* Life and Letters." Finger has another book, a "Life of David Livingstone," the great preacher, physician and explorer. (October 7.) Also on that date will come a new novel by *C. E. Montague*, "Right off the Map" and Lloyd Mayer's "Just Between Us Girls," gleaned from *Life* where we have been enjoying this chatter from week to week. On November 4th will come a long-awaited event, the publication of *Don Marquis's* "Archy and Mehitabel," the adventures of two creatures which old column readers bear in fond memory. And on the same date a new novel by the author of "The Constant Nymph" will burst forth,—*Margaret Kennedy's* "Red Sky at Morning." A very interesting book on poetry for young and old will be "The Winged Horse: The Story of Poetry and the Poets," by *Joseph Auslander* and *Frank Ernest Hill*. This will appear on September 9th. . . .

We shall certainly have to have our next number another Ferocious Sonnet one. Here's promising. We have steadily been receiving more communications. . . .

Perhaps you've been following "*W. R. Hearst*, An American Phenomenon," as it appeared in instalments in *The New Yorker*. The author is *John K. Winkler*, who has been roaming the country journalistically for some sixteen years, covering everything from riots to revolutions. Well, Mr. Winkler is going to expand his articles into a book, adding a great deal more, and Simon & Schuster will publish that book in the Fall. . . .

Of course you ought to get and read immediately *O. E. Rolvaag's* "Giants in the Earth" (Harper's). . . .

John Dos Passos has left for Martinique to get the recipe for that famous Planter's Punch. The strain of staying two or three months in one place was too much for Dos. We knew darned well it would be. . . .

The official opening of *Walt Whitman's* School House, Books and Pictures, Jericho Turnpike, Syosset, Long Island, was on the thirty-first of May, Walt Whitman's birthday. *There's* a place to visit when you're bowling along the turnpike! . . .

We are saddened by the death of *Francis Grierson*, author of "Modern Mysticism," "The Invincible Alliance," and so on, and great musical prodigy of the age. He had an uncanny faculty for improvisation on the piano, as many remember. *Auber* advised him not to study lest he spoil his strange gift. Grierson attributed it to psychic influence. He was past forty before he began to write. He died in desperate poverty on the Coast. . . .

Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven" has been translated into French, will be published in July by Kra, and will contain an introduction by *Paul Morand*. . . .

Vale to *Henry Edwards Huntington*, the great book collector, as well as the great railroad magnate and philanthropist! . . .

Recently an admirer of *George Barr McCutcheon* sent him what is probably the only coin of its kind in the world—a gavvo, which is the standard coin of the principality of Graustark. It was specially made for Mr. McCutcheon. . . .

"What and Why in China?" by *Paul Hutchinson* is the first book of a new firm, Willett, Clark & Colby, of 440 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. They've chosen a live subject. . . .

When *Lindbergh* on his arrival in Paris was taken to the guest chamber of the American embassy and allowed to rest, there was a book at his bedside that caused him to stop and smile dryly. It was "The Wind of Complication" by *Susan Ertz*.

Well, well, now we must fly!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 918)

proof of the transformation of the modern newspaper into a purely business affair. We confess that much of what is in this volume must seem to the newspaper manager with any experience at all rather of a kindergarten character. We suppose, however, it is intended for students in schools of journalism or tyros in the business offices of dailies.

To questions of editorial policy Mr. Thayer gives just thirty-three out of a volume of four hundred and seventy pages, which is quite in proportion to the relative position now accorded to the editorial side of the great commercialized dailies. For one thing Mr. Thayer's viewpoint is most delightfully orthodox; it will win him blue ribbons from any of the managers of our leading dailies. For instance, Mr. Thayer is certain that though there may be faults in our democracy and evils in our capitalism, any proprietor who would favor the abolition of sound representative government, or the abandonment of a single one of our present economic policies, would at once write himself down as standing for "unbridled license and unsound economic doctrines"—let those editors who are favoring Mussolini and his abolition of representative government beware. Much of the rest of these thirty-three pages is devoted to similar tosh. Naturally he has something wise and clear to say about labor unions. Here it is:

> In the printing trades the unions are strong and at times cause trouble and worry to newspaper managers. However, no sane newspaper owner would deny the rights of workmen to organize and to work through their organization for their own benefit and welfare. The only just position for the newspaper manager to take, is in favor of organized labor if organized labor is fair in its demands and is willing to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages. . . . Yet this principle holds only for mechanical workers on the newspaper. For the news workers to affiliate with the labor organizations would be grossly unfair. Such action would be the same as if the courts were to join the forces of organized labor. The position taken by the Association of Journalists some years ago was that the editorial worker must not compromise his position by affiliating himself with either the side of labor or of capital. The labor question is a live one in this country. The reporter must be able to look at news events judiciously. He could not do so if he were a member of a labor union.

As every sane man knows that the average reporter is compelled to side with his employer's interest in every labor struggle, the value of this sententiousness is perfectly obvious. As a whole the book unconsciously constitutes so severe an indictment of the modern commercialized press as surely to please even an Upton Sinclair. But of this the author is supremely unaware.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE. By *Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

THE FIRST PRINTERS OF CHICAGO. By *Douglas C. McMurtrie*. Covici.

THE PRACTICAL TELEPHONE HANDBOOK. By *Joseph Poole*. Pitman. $5.50.

ADMINISTRATIVE JUSTICE AND THE SUPREMACY OF LAW IN THE UNITED STATES. By *John Dickinson*. Harvard University Press. $5.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN. By *Milton W. Brown*. Standard Press.

BIRDS OF THE PACIFIC STATES. By *Ralph Hoffmann*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

STAGE COSTUMING. By *Agnes Brooks Young*. Macmillan. $2.50.

NURSES AND NURSING. By *Dr. Alfred Worcester*. Harvard University Press. $2.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF BIRDS. By *Junius Henderson*. Macmillan. $2.50.

ASK ME A BIBLE QUESTION. By *George Stewart*. Century. $1.50.

THE MYSTERY AND LURE OF PERFUME. By *C. J. S. Thompson*. Lippincott.

BRONX BALLADS. By *Robert A. Simon*. Simon & Schuster. $2.

Pamphlets

THE CHALLENGE OF WAR. By *Norman Thomas*. League for Industrial Democracy. 15 cents.

THE FUTURE OF CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM IN AMERICA. League for Industrial Democracy. 15 cents.

Philosophy

THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO. Edited by *William C. Greene*. Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

THE RELIGION CALLED BEHAVIORISM. By *Louis Berman*. Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

THE SPRINGS OF HUMAN ACTION. By *Mehran K. Thomas*. Appleton. $3.

Poetry

NARCISSUS AND ISCARIOT. By *Ernest Hartsock*. Atlanta: Bozart Press.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. Translated by *John Heron Lepper*. Boni & Liveright.

LOTUS AND CHRYSANTHEMUM. By *Joseph Lewis French*. Boni & Liveright. $7.50.

OXFORD POETRY. 1926. Appleton.

Travel

THROUGH KAMCHATKA BY DOG SLEDS AND SKIS. By STEN BERGMAN. Lippincott. 1927. $6.

Every scientific expedition has its by-products which far surpass its formal papers and proceedings in interest to the average reader and, one suspects, afford no unwelcome relaxation to the specialists for whose benefit the more weighty reports were written. This particular expedition was organized in Sweden in 1920, and its principal purpose was zoölogical, botanical, and ethnographical discovery in Kamchatka. The expedition came to literal although not complete shipweck before it reached Petropavlovsk, the capital of Kamchatka, and some months later another unreliable craft left Dr. Bergman and his wife stranded five hundred miles north of their base. With all the imperturbable resourcefulness and much more than the humor of the Swiss Family Robinson, they assembled a dog sledge and skis and trekked back to Petropavlovsk in a month and a half. The experience gained during this strenuous trip was put to good use the succeeding winter when the Bergmans penetrated northern and central Kamchatka to study the nomad races there, an expedition with which the second half of the book deals. All the illustrations are interesting, and one at least, which shows a Koryak shaman beating his magic drum, seems to be unique.

CAMPING IN THE SAHARA. By E. M. HULL. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $3.50.

Lurid memories of "The Sheik" need deter no one from reading with considerable pleasure Mrs. Hull's account of her wanderings through the Algerian Sahara by camel train. True enough, a few of the novelist's earmarks still intrude themselves, such as occasional dark observations of "Little did we know," or "Had we foreseen," and a trick of making every sentence a paragraph. For compensations, we have an amused and cultivated viewpoint which makes real every person she encountered, from her Arab cook Kharbouch to the mysterious French lieutenant who spends his entire time making the desert bloom like a rose in the garden of El-Goléa. C. W. Hull, whoever she may be, had good luck with her camera. It is rather to be hoped that Mrs. Edith Maude Hull will continue to write travel books for her soul's good and sheik fiction, if she must, for her bank account's profit.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE. By *Frank Alfred Golder* and *Lincoln Hutchinson*. Stanford University Press. $3.50.

WHEN YOU GO TO EUROPE. By *Edwin Robert Petre*. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

A CONRAD "TRIAL" ISSUE

AN interesting incident in connection with the cataloguing of the Curle collection of Conradiana, recently sold at the American Art Galleries, appears in the *Publishers' Weekly*. The copy of "Some Reminiscences," by Conrad, raised some interesting bibliographical points. A New York collector took the position that, "Publishers do not print issues of books in order that authors may make corrections. Undoubtedly, since these are not bound and since the title page is dated 1912, this is one of a set of proof sheets sent Conrad for correction. Possibly two were pulled and the third sent to the publishers with Conrad's corrections." Mr. Curle in a letter said: "It was simply Nash's rule to send his authors such copies, and, therefore, he sent them to Conrad in the ordinary way, just as he would have done to any other author. They are only bound proofs of practically no bibliographical significance, and that is the truth. Do, please, make this clear; otherwise it is positively not fair to the purchasers."

Mr. Swann, of the American Art Association, sent a copy of the letter of the New York collector and that of Mr. Curle to him, to Thomas J. Wise, the English bibliographer and collector, who replied as follows:

"I know precisely what the bibliographical status of this book is. Mr. Conrad explained it fully to me, and also wrote in the copy that he gave me, as described in the first volume of my catalogue. The book is certainly not a proof in the ordinary sense of the term, but is on a par with 'The Lover's Tale' of Tennyson, and other books produced under similar circumstances. My own copy has no publishers' stamp. What happened was this. The book was set up in type, and first galley proofs, then page proofs, and then final revises were sent to the author. The latter were passed for press, and the work was made ready, but Conrad at the last moment decided to make still further amendments, and so ordered three or four copies struck off and forwarded them to him. He received three such copies, not in sheets but bound as ordered. One of them was returned to the printers for their use, and no doubt sent in due course with other material to mills to be pulped. A second copy Conrad gave to me, the third he gave to Curle. . . . Whether an edition consists of three copies as in this case, or of three thousand copies, is not material. An edition is an edition whatever may be the number of copies of which it consists. I regard this particular book as on a par with the 'trial books' of Tennyson, of Rossetti, and of Shaw."

The letter written by the New York collector, that by Mr. Curle, and Mr. Wise's letter were all read at the sale. Mr. Wise's letter was decisive. "Some Reminiscences" brought $1,050, probably four times as much as it would have sold for had not Mr. Swann established the status of the book through Mr. Wise's letter. It is reported that Mr. Curle has a good deal of admiration for American cataloguing, and well he might have. It is recognized on both sides of the Atlantic that the catalogue of this sale was a very important factor in the very high prices which this collection brought.

COMING SALE AT SOTHEBY'S

A VERY important sale, including illuminated and other manuscripts, books, autograph letters and historical documents, the property of Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwickshire, and others, will be sold at Sotheby's, in London, June 27th, and the two following days. The catalogue comprises 753 lots, among which are many very rare and desirable items. The more valuable lots include the first four folios of Shakespeare, Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," 1566; literature of the late XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries; rare first editions of Dryden, Johnson, Swift and Pope; incunabula from Italian and German presses; a collection of miniature books, presentation copies of works by Lewis Carroll; an uncut copy of Shelley's "Adonais," 1821, in the original wrappers; autograph letters by English authors, and a manuscript by Browning; fine letters by English painters, and a very important series of letters by Lord Nelson.

Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" is described as a very good, clean and sound copy. Only two perfect copies of this book are recorded in the "Short Title Catalogue," those in the British Museum and the Henry E. Huntington Library. Miss Bartlett says: "This is one of the most important books of the period, as it is the first translation into English of the stories found in Boccaccio, Bandello, and other Italian novelists. All the Elizabethan writers drew from Painter, and the few copies of the first edition which survive show that the book was literally read to pieces. Shakespeare used Painter as the foundation story of "All's Well That Ends Well," and also drew from it for "Timon of Athens," and "Lucrece."

BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL RESUMES

AFTER a suspension of three months, *The Bookman's Journal* has resumed publication, appearing in a royal octavo format, in a new, or third series, with the promise "to give more information and to concentrate almost exclusively on serving bookmen and art collectors." A feature of the new series will be the bibliographies added to the various numbers in separate paged supplements. The bibliographies given in this number, Arthur Annesley Firbank, has never before been done, and the next will also be devoted to an author that has so far escaped the attention of bibliographers, although increasingly popular with collectors. The contributions lead off with "Notes on the Bibliography of Leigh Hunt," by Alexander Mitchell. A. Edward Newton writes about "My Library;" James Laver about "The Etchings of Herbert Johnson Harvey;" and the regular departments are similar to those in the second series of *The Journal*. The editor says "we are issuing four quarterly numbers this year, after which it is probable we shall revert to monthly publication continuing the format now adopted."

FIRST EDITIONS IN DEMAND

IN its current number, *The Bookman's Journal* gives the average demand for the last three months for the first editions of modern British authors based upon the desiderata compiled from various sources. The fifteen authors at the head of a list of forty-two are: John Galsworthy, Charles Dickens, Samuel Butler, George Bernard Shaw, Walter de la Mare, Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Trollope, W. H. Hudson, Joseph Conrad, James M. Barrie, Leonard Merrick, George Gissing, H. G. Wells, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, and Sir H. Rider Haggard. The collecting of the first editions of authors of our own time, most of them now living, appears to be proceeding with unabated enthusiasm.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A BOOK of essays by Cyril Davenport, late superintendent of bookbinding in the British Museum, entitled "Byways Among English Books," is to appear soon.

A volume of short stories by George Gissing, some of them having appeared in obscure English magazines, and others still remaining in manuscripts, has been edited by his son, Algernon Gissing, and will be published under the title, "The Victim of Circumstances."

Plans for the establishment of a liberal college of arts and sciences in memory of Walt Whitman, the poet, for the purpose of aiding modern American writers to obtain publication of their work, were announced by the Walt Whitman Foundation on the recent occasion of the poet's one hundred and seventh anniversary.

London printers and publishers have been much interested in the announcement that the new Italian type, designed by Francisco Pastonchi, the Italian poet, has been introduced into England and will be exhibited at the big advertising convention which is to be held next month. The new design is to be called Mussolini type and has been designed for the resetting of the Roman Classics in the Italian State Library. The new face is said to be very beautiful, as well as satisfactory from the standpoint of legibility, and it is hoped that it will be a notable addition to Italian typographical resources.

The interest aroused by Lion Feuchtwanger's "Jud Süss," which was published in this country under the title, "Power," will turn attention to his second novel which has recently appeared in Germany. "Das Hässliche Herzogin" (Potsdam: Kiepenheur), is like his earlier work a historical novel, and like that has genuine strength. His story revolves about an unhappy countess of Tyrol in the fourteenth century.

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BIDS received for one copy of the Artist's Edition of "The Kin's Henchman. M. F. McConnell, Urbana, Ohio.

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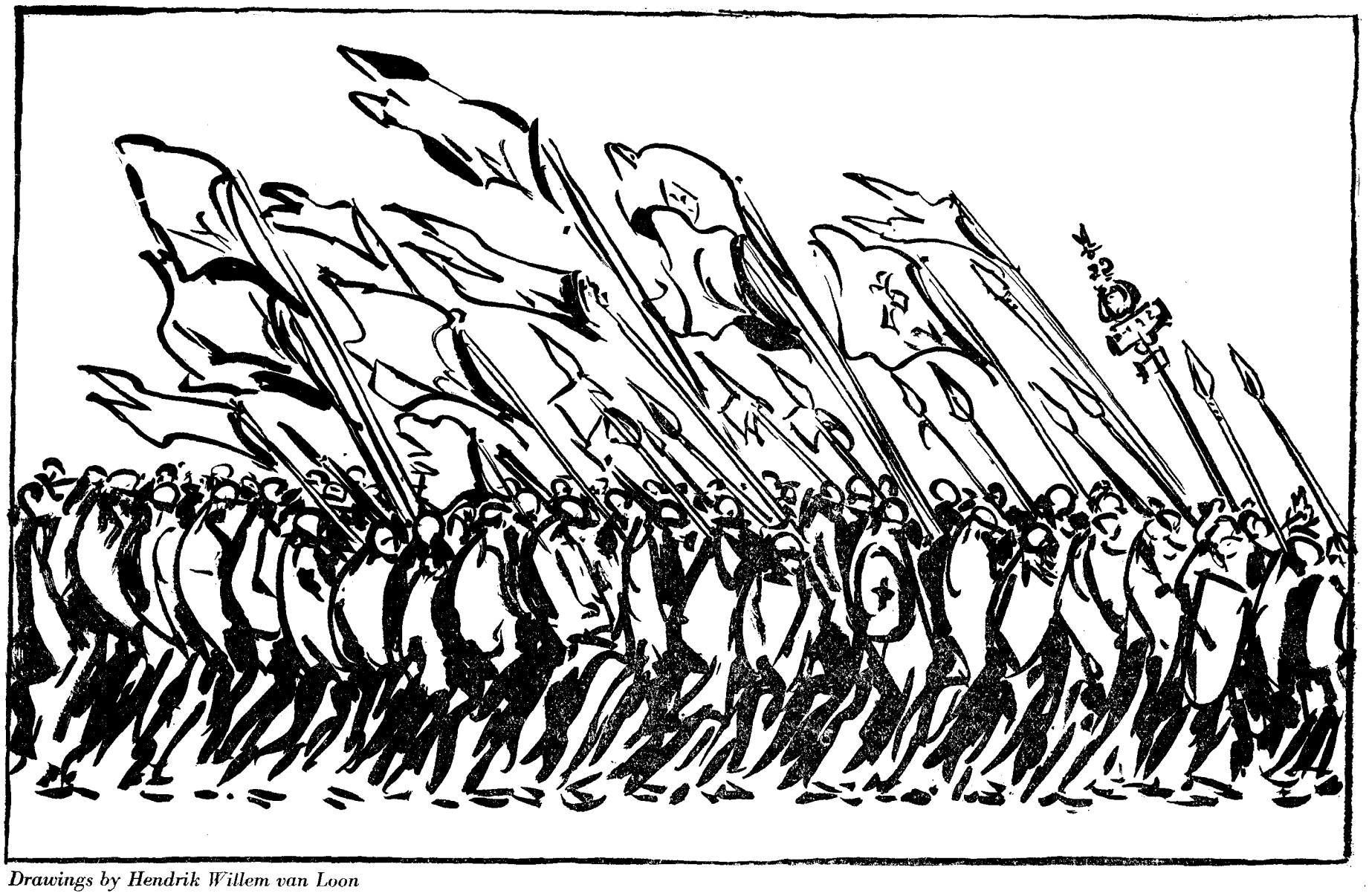

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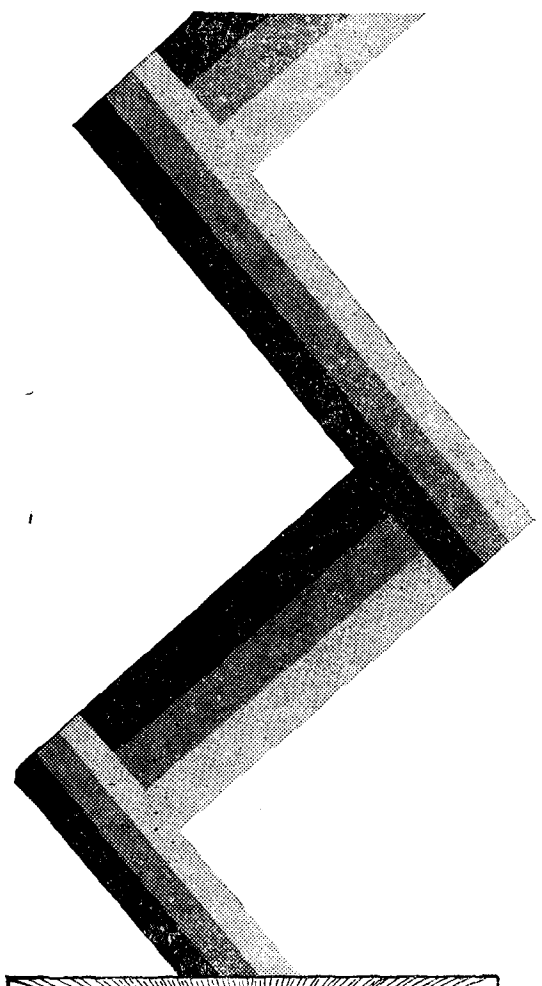
THE LITERARY GUILD MARCHES ON



The man who tried to read all the new books

There are a great many people in the world who like to pay twice the price that everybody else pays. Like the ancient Samurai of Japan, it is their pride to pay more than the rest of the world. To these people we have nothing to say. We speak only to those who have paid more for certain books because they didn't think about joining the Literary Guild in time.

For increasing thousands the Literary Guild selects an outstanding book each month. By joining the Guild for a year these members get 12 important books at about half price. So far, *the Guild books have been sent to members at exactly half price.*

Discriminating people have all read, or intend to read, the books so far selected by the Guild. Selection by the Guild has increased the sale in the bookstores of every book chosen. We help the bookstores and the bookstores help us. Anything that increases the sale of good books helps us both.

For you who would like to be sure to get at about half price the books so chosen this year—(books that you must buy anyway, that you *will* buy anyway if you are a person of discriminating taste)—for you the coupon at the bottom of this page is printed.

Only five months old, the Guild has already passed into the life of this country. Columnists joke about it—cartoonists make pictures about it—critics talk about it—publishers argue about it—book sellers, though they feared it at first, accept it for the good that it has done them—subscribers are more and more pleased with each month's selection.

The Guild has a Board of Editors for the selection of books, in whose judgment you have confidence. The editors are: Carl Van Doren—Editor-in-Chief, Zona Gale, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Wood Krutch, Glenn Frank.

And

By printing large editions, and definite editions all ordered in advance by its subscribers, the Guild is able to reduce the price of books almost in half.

We find that the Guild appeals especially to people who *have already the habit of wandering about in bookstores and* picking up books they like. It is a pleasant pastime. If you're this kind of person, you will surely buy among your other books the Guild book sooner or later at the full price. *Why not join the Guild and get it on the day of publication and save money?*

Many people complain about the prices of books. These prices are inevitable with small editions and doubtful sales. The Literary Guild, walking with the long free step of this time, has organized the publishing business for itself in such fashion that the price may be reduced to you, the Reader.

Herschel Brickell of the New York Evening Post didn't like the Guild at first. He has changed his mind. Here's what he says:

> "I have had it in mind for some days now to commend the Literary Guild for its courage in selecting a long poem as its third book. If this organization, at which I have hurled a casual brickbat or two in the past, can popularize such poetry as Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Tristram*, I shall be quite as ready to hurl bouquets. I should like to think that all of its subscribers were perfectly satisfied with the book and eager to continue *their support.* It would contain a hint of the millennium."

Be open-minded. Learn from S. D. M. of Mercersburg, Pa., who wrote this letter:

> "It seemed to me that your project was like all the rest, but since I have changed my mind. Please start my membership. The determining factor was that I was forced to buy the last two books at the publishers' prices while my friends did not. You see, I've some Scotch ancestry."

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